JOHN BULL, November 5, 1921. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

JOHN BULL

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Morris's HAVANA 'BLEND' Cigarettes

Have the sweet nuttiness and fine flavour of a good Havana Cigar.

20 for 1/-

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London, E

One-week £1,000 For Ten

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Any Uric Acid Disorders or Kidney Troubles?

TRY ALKIA SALTRATES.

TO BE APPRECIATED THIS REMARKABLE PRODUCT

MUST BE USED.

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The truly amazing effects produced by Alkia Saltrates are difficult for anyone but a user to credit when simply stated in cold type.

It tastes pleasant, never depresses, and, unlike strong, purging salines, it does *not* flush out the vitally necessary digestive juices and intestinal fluids, hence it *cannot have after-constipating or habit-forming effects.*

But it *does* clear the blood and system of the poisonous acids and impurities which form the *root cause* of practically all bodily ailments.

YOU CAN BE FREE OF THEM ONE WEEK FROM TODAY

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ALWAYS SATISFIES

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LOOK FIT-FEEL FIT-BE FIT-STAY FIT

Thereafter, no other uric acid solvent, kidney flusher, tonic aperient and liver stimulant, stomach sweetener and blood purifier will ever satisfy you again.

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TRY A WEEK'S TREATMENT AT OUR EXPENSE.

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY

Send us 6d. to defray actual cost of postage, packing, etc., and we shall send you a supply of Alkia Saltrates (special 1s. 9d. trial size) sufficient for you to give it a very thorough test.

YOU CANNOT RISK A SINGLE PENNY

After using the trial supply we send you, if the results are not fully up to your expectations, merely drop us a postcard saying so and we shall refund by return post, not only your 6d., but also the postage on both your original application and on your postcard requesting refund.

No questions, no comment, no red tape of any kind.

FAIR ENOUGH ISN'T IT?

We extend this offer as irrefutable evidence of our confidence in our product.

"Keep a bottle of Alkia Saltrates always quickly available. It will save many a doctor's bill. Price of a large bottle sufficient to last the whole family for weeks is only 3s. 3d. All chemists have it.

NOTE.—For more than ten years Alkia Saltrates has always been sold under an UNQUALIFIED GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK. Ask your chemist about it.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

SARTOR RAINCOATS

UNPRECEDENTED SITUATION CREATED.

Owing to the enormous rush for Sartor Raincoats at 20/-, we are unable to close this offer definitely for at least a week.

It is a pure instance of the Public lowering the Price by the only possible means—*i.e.*, adequate support of British Industry.

Not only does this mean that we will execute all orders already received at 20/-, but that if you will send to-day for Free Patterns of the Famous Sartor Gabardine Rainproof (check lined), Style Book (Ladies', Gent's, Maids' and Youths') and Self Measurement Form, your order will also be executed at 20/-.

20/- Carriage Paid.

SEND NO MONEY.—But send your enquiry, and then judge for yourself—as others have done.

THE SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. J), 58, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

CIGARETTES CONQUER CATARRH

Relieve Head Noises, Deafness, Bronchial Irritations. Aid in Preventing Influenza.

TRIAL SUPPLY, FREE BY POST.

Great rejoicing! Cigarettes that contain neither tobacco nor cubebs, but are filled with a healing herbal mixture, giving relief to those who suffer.

Simply light one of the cigarettes, inhale the medicated smoke, then exhale alternately from the mouth and through the nose. You will be astonished and joyous at the relief.

For catarrh or persistent cold in the head, as well as for those peculiar noises and for deafness due to those causes, also for bronchial or throat irritations, as well as to aid in preventing the deadly influenza, get a box of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy. It comes in cigarettes. Or, if you prefer, you may buy it for smoking in a pipe.

No medicine dosing. A pleasant herbal smoking relief which has completely cured many, according to their own voluntary reports.

Go to any cash chemist shop or any other chemist's, and get Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy at once. To prove the beneficial pleasant effect, Dr. Blosser Ltd. (Dept. 121 E.L.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, will post absolutely free to any sufferer a sample supply of the cigarettes. Send your full name and address to-day, and enclose 2d. in stamps to pay postage.

War Prisoner's Terrible Cough

Suffered Four Years, but soon Cured by Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Pvte. E. A. Stitson, 142, Palmer's Road, New Southgate, London, N.11, says: "I was taken prisoner in 1914 and taken to Germany. Owing to scarcity of warm clothing and bedding I caught a terrible racking cough, which I could get nothing to relieve. I still suffered from this when I arrived in England in January, 1919. My mother told me to try Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, which I did, and after taking two bottles the cough was completely gone, and has not troubled me since."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure

is the world's supreme remedy for Coughs and Colds, Lung Troubles, Asthma, Bronchitis, Nasal Catarrh, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, Influenza, and for Whooping Cough and other Bronchial Troubles in Children. Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s., the 3s. size being the more economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors everywhere. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes

Tecla Pearls

may not be the only pearls one can afford to buy, but they are the only pearls one can afford to wear, except Orientals.

Tecla

(The London Tecla Gem Co., Ltd.)
7 Old Bond Street, LONDON
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10000 MARKS FREE

Pre-War Value £500

TO EVERY READER.

RUSSIAN ROUBLES ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

For 4/6 we will send—
10,000 Rbls., Denikin Issue.
Face Value in 1919 £1,041 13 4
" 8/6 20,000 " £2,083 6 8
" 18/6 50,000 " £5,208 6 8
" 36/6 100,000 " £10,416 13 4
" 80/- 250,000 " £26,041 13 4

Just think what you or your children may gain in future.

To every reader sending for 50,000 at 18/6 we will give entirely free, 1,000 Polish Marks. Those sending for 100,000 at 36/6 will receive free 3,000 Marks. To every purchaser of 250,000 at 80/- we will send 10,000 Marks free.

On the rise in value of the Mark your returns on the above gift will be enormous

All remittances strictly cash, post M.O. or Bank Draft (if not approved in four days we undertake to refund).

Crossed cheques, P.O.'s & Co.'s, and registered Treasury notes only. Mid. Bank.

Stamped addressed envelope must accompany every enquiry.

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ATLAS TRADING ASSOCIATION,
46, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

Master the Piano!

I will teach YOU unfailingly and without Fatigue.

My System is Simple, Pleasurable, and as nearly Infallible as anything human can be. It is A.B.C. to understand, yet strictly orthodox, ordinary notation. It is uncannily rapid in giving results, almost without conscious effort. A Real Feeling of Mastery is imparted, and never a dull moment. During twenty years I have taught thousands, and I can teach YOU.

A BEGINNER writes:—I have learned from your first lesson far more in a month than I have done in a whole quarter from the usual tutoring. I think everybody with a musical bent should send for your lessons. Mrs. A. F. B. (E. Dulwich.)

Judge for yourself by reading my book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," I will send a copy and form for FREE Personal Opinion and Advice on receipt of postcard with address (Mrs., Miss, Rev., Mr.) and one word to suit your case, Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, or Advanced. This is your opportunity. DO IT NOW.

Mr. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.1

Keep Influenza off

ALREADY many cases of Influenza are reported, so if you are wise you will fortify yourself by taking a course of Hall's Wine now; don't wait for unmistakable symptoms.

Taken in time, Hall's Wine will prevent an attack of Influenza. If too late, and you are already a victim, it is an aid to quick recovery. Hall's Wine keeps Influenza off by enriching the blood, toning the nerves and rebuilding the body generally; it gives you confidence in your powers of resistance, strengthens the weak and maintains health in the strong.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Read this letter just received from a Doctor. It shows how Hall's Wine will benefit you:

"In a case I had recently of Influenza I found Hall's Wine acted as a wonderful restorative. Having watched results, and consequently having proved its worth, I shall invariably feel it my duty to recommend it."

Buy a Bottle To-day.
Large Size, 6/-.
Smaller Size, 3/3

Of all Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD.,
BOW, LONDON, E. 3.

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JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 805. Week ending Saturday, November 5th, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Tottering Government.

The end is near. Ireland and Unemployment are proving too much for the Coalition, and a General Election is the only solution. *But after that?*

Washington.

Meanwhile, it is pretty certain that Mr. Lloyd George will be unable to go to Washington—which, however, doesn't much matter. Washington will be a wash out.

Unemployment.

We regret that circumstances over which we have had no control have prevented our so far taking any part in the House of Commons debate. Otherwise, we should certainly have supported Mr. Clynes in his view that, however well intentioned the Government proposals may be, they are inadequate to meet the problem, and are inequitable in their incidence.

Debts of Honour.

Pending Parliamentary action in regard to the decision of the House of Lords in the betting cheque case, we suggest that a list should be compiled, and published, of all persons—whether bookmakers or backers—who take advantage of the judgment, except, of course, in self-defence.

The *Deutschland*.

So the Admiralty accepted, apparently without any kind of confirmation, the assurance of the Germans that there were "no explosives, infernal machines, or booby traps" on the *Deutschland*. They must have evidently suspected that the vessel would ultimately come into our hands!

Friends in Need.

During the progress of the Bigland prosecution we have been inundated with letters of sympathy and encouragement, many coming from quite unexpected quarters, and it will be a pleasant change for us to dine to-night (Wednesday), with our good friend, Colonel Claude Lowther, M.P., and others, at the House of Commons.

Soldiers and German Wives.

We are glad that, as a result of special enquiries made by Sir Worthington Evans, at our request, it has been ascertained that in two instances British Commanding Officers have refused to sanction marriages between our soldiers and German women—although the reasons for such refusal (which cannot very well be stated in a family journal) are not altogether satisfactory. Still, it is something to have kept two Hun women out of British nationality.

A Magisterial Tragedy.

Oh, no—nothing about Sir Chartres Biron at Bow Street! We are referring to the tragic death of one of the best and dearest men who ever sat on the magisterial bench—Mr. Ralph Bankes. We are glad to remember the tribute we paid to him in our recent series of legal reminiscences.

The Unionist Revolt.

No one, of course, will attach the remotest importance to the result of any so-called vote of censure on the Government in regard to its present Irish policy. It was an adroit move by the Prime Minister to challenge such a vote, but the plain fact remains that a large number of Unionists have now definitely revolted against the Coalition. And that will be awkward at the General Election.

£8,500 Paid this Season.

£1,000 *for Ten*

MUST BE WON THIS WEEK.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Those "Conchies."

Can it be denied that, so long as one ex-Service man is out of work, it is a crying shame that there should be a single Conscientious Objector employed in the Public Departments?

Cancel the Lot!

We go one better than Mr. McKenna in his suggestion that the War Debts due to the Allies, other than America, should be cancelled. We do not see why the United States should not also forgo its claim against Britain. In other words, let's cry quits all round!

The Hornsey Election.

So once more there is to be no Coalition nominee. It is remarkable how, quite apart from the cry of Anti-Waste, the word Independent creeps into the description of every Parliamentary candidate in these days. The foundations of the Group are being strengthened every day.

The Church Congress.

We entirely endorse the view of the *Church Family Newspaper* that "it would be well to give up the hard and fast rule of having only Churchmen to speak at Church Congresses," and that outside critics should be given an opportunity of justifying themselves. Perhaps the Archbishop of Canterbury will consider the point.

A New Epithet.

We are described by Mr. Filson Young in the *Saturday Review* as "the inconvenient JOHN BULL." Not so bad.

The War Criminals.

No wonder France is making arrangements for the early trial of the German war criminals on her list. Our information is that the majority of them are now safely out of Germany!

God Speed the Prince!

The mission of the Prince to India, in the special circumstances of the moment, is an act of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty which cannot fail to strengthen the foundation of the Throne. God speed him!

Another Golden Ballot.

Congratulations to the promoters of the second Golden Ballot, although we fear that it will require a lot of legal ingenuity to take the nomination of the best Members for a new Government out of the purview of the present stupid Lottery law.

Our Greatest M.P.

If the number of questions asked by Ministers and of columns spoken in the House—and the total votes recorded in the Division Lobby—constitute the test of Parliamentary merit, then the greatest statesmen of the day is Commander Kenworthy.

John Burns.

What has become of "Honest John" in these days? He has had ample time to think out a solution of the industrial problems. Now is his chance to come back, and in a *tour de force* capture the leadership of the Labour Party. Let Mr. Clynes look to his laurels.

Our American Prototype.

According to an American contributor to the *Daily Herald*, "Englishmen in despair compare Mr. Horatio Bottomley to that *enfant terrible* of ours, Mr. William Randolph Hearst." But why "in despair"? After all, each of us is for his own country—right or wrong.

The Bets-by-Cheque Bill.

Lord Muir Mackenzie, who introduces the new Bets-by-Cheque Bill, was for many years Permanent Private Secretary to successive Lord Chancellors, and knows a thing or two about the ins and outs of the law. We shall see what the Peers do with the measure. In the Lower House it will no doubt encounter the fierce opposition of the fanatics, of whom there are a few left, who consider that all "gambling is wicked" unless it is an occasional raffle for a Chapel bazaar. But commonsense will prevail.

Where Your Money Goes.

At the Royal Victoria Victualling Yard, Deptford, less than a dozen labourers are now employed, but in authority over them as many as five officials are retained, each drawing a substantial salary, probably with "bonus" in addition. No wonder taxes are high!

Mad Motorists.

The Leicester Coroner is quite right. "Under the present system," he said at an inquest, "anyone over a certain age, whether deaf, dumb, blind, or an idiot, can obtain a motorist's licence." Especially if he is an idiot, judging by the recklessness with which so many motor-cars are driven. The idiot chauffeurs have apparently got it into their heads that nobody has a right to the roads except themselves.

A Senseless Sentence.

A tramp named Reynolds was found the other morning asleep under some shrubs in Bournemouth. He told the constable who discovered him that he had lain down there because he could go no further, owing to his feet being bad; he had been out of hospital only a few days. He was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour. Why? Will his means of subsistence be any more visible when he comes out? Will he be able to jump into a job?

Another "Lottery."

Thinking to increase his trade in lollipops, one Mr. Gledhill, a Halifax confectioner, put a number of cachous in a bottle and offered a box of chocolates to the customer giving the nearest estimate of the total. The chance was too good for the local Killjoys to miss. Two lynx-eyed 'tecs speedily got on the "scent," and for his enterprise, which harmed nobody and probably made someone happy, the confectioner was summoned for "selling chances in a lottery" and fined £1. "Oh, what a happy land is England!"

Wigan's Wicked Imposition.

An ex-soldier of Wigan, Mr. Joseph Whittle, fetched the Red Cross ambulance from the police station to take to hospital another ex-Service man who was most dangerously ill, and who, poor chap, had been starving on his 8s. a week pension. The ambulance was thus engaged for three-quarters of an hour only, for which the Borough Council demand the preposterous fee of £1 4s. Six shillings of this imposition have been paid by the local Pensions Committee, and now the Council are dunning poor Whittle for the remainder. What do the decent townspeople say to this game of grab?

Provided For.

"Old Soldiers Never Die," says the song, but nevertheless they sometimes suffer sadly while living. One, named Young, residing at Basing Road, Notting Hill, being out of work and seeking outdoor relief, was rewarded with 2s. 4d. worth of groceries and two loaves—doubtless they thought meat would give him indigestion. The Relieving Officer told his wife that she was well off because she was in receipt of £1 3s. 6d. for three children by her former husband, who was killed early in the war. But her present husband—who wears medals—served in three wars and gets no pension. Still he got the groceries and two loaves, and this, with the Poor Law official's advice, is his guerdon.

Happy Hodge.

According to the balance-sheet of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, its income amounts to £77,496, of which Norfolk contributes nearly one-sixth, or £12,312. But out of the quite respectable total no less than £50,731 is swallowed up in expenses, presumably management. When on top of this we find that members on strike get only 12s. per week, we think it is about time they paused to consider whether they are getting an adequate return for what they pay in.

Wicked Whist.

In some parts of the country the police are still fussily persecuting the promoters of whist drives. It is a question whether they act "on their own" or are inspired by a Puritan element in local authority. In the latest case at Portsmouth the whist drives were held for money prizes, and the promoters were bound over and ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution. Supposing the prizes are genuinely given and fairly won, where is the harm? There is no more popular social pastime for men and women in the long winter evenings than these whist parties.

Slain by Charles Chaplin!

Every lover of the Films should read the daring article on the world's greatest comic film actor, which appears in this month's

PICTUREGOER

64 pages. 4 colours. All Photogravure. 1/. monthly.

Now on sale everywhere.

Rooms Rent-Ramp.

For two unfurnished rooms in a house in a mean street off Essex Road, N., 22s. 6d. a week rent is asked, "payable monthly in advance (no children)." This is typical of the rooms rent-ramp still raging far and wide. Our advice to would-be tenants in all such cases is to consult the Town Clerk as to the legality of the rent demanded, which, in all probability, is in excess of the amount due under the Act.

Scotch.

Nobody, of course, except those who would restrict public and private drinking facilities out of existence, will quarrel with the contention of Lord Forteviot—once Sir John Dewar—that the present high duty on the wine of Scotland is "extraordinary and unfair." It is out of all reason that on every bottle of Scotch whisky sold at 12s. 6d. the consumer should pay the Government 8s. 5½d. in duty.

Comparisons.

The foreign correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, a Mr. John Steele, in his report of the laying of the American Medal of Honour on our Unknown Warrior's tomb by General Pershing, goes out of his way to make comparisons between the Grenadier Guards present at the ceremony and the "500 tall, straight doughboys, the pick of the American Army," who were drawn up in line facing them. The Guards, he says, "were heavier and older, but in soldierly smartness these most famous soldiers of Europe were distinctly behind Pershing's boys from the Rhine." May we remind this Yankee pen-pusher that the smartest of the Grenadier Guards fell in 1914—years before "Pershing's boys" smelt powder?

Drain the Wash.

A Norfolk reader writes bitterly of the Premier's change from "making this a land for heroes" to offering £300,000 to the same "heroes" to clear out. He points out that afforestation in his neighbourhood would be another "wash-out," but sees plenty of scope for the unemployed in reclaiming the shallows of the Wash. In large areas, the depth is much less than the Dutch overcame and transformed into fertile land. So why not?

Sanctimonious Southend.

Sunny Southend appears to be suffering from an excess of sanctimonious influence. The "unco guid" element, having already barred Sunday morning band performances on the famous pier, are now fighting tooth and nail the proposal to establish a racecourse in the vicinity, which the Rev. A. Belden, of Westcliff, asserted would "let loose a flood of roguery" on the district. But if that's so, surely these pious folk should rather welcome such an influx, as providing them with a splendid field for missionary effort.

Shocking the Major.

Major J. D. Birchall, M.P., wishes the ladies would not shock him, upset his equanimity, and bring blushes to his modest cheek. Speaking at the Church of England Men's Society Conference at York, he said that modern women's dress "makes a real difficulty for men; it makes cleanness of mind more difficult for many thousands." The Major will therefore be exceedingly obliged to the ladies if they will begin it a little sooner and end it a little later. At the same time, no doubt, he will be glad if Scotsmen will discard kilts.

No Vacancies for Gentlemen.

There are no vacancies for gentlemen in the Labour Party. This, at any rate, is the dictum of one Cox, formerly a Labour member of the Woking District Council. While Mr. Tom Marshall, M.A., the Labour Party's candidate for the Farnham division, was addressing a meeting, Cox rose on his hind legs to remark: "You are a Master of Arts and a gentleman, and therefore you are not a proper Labour candidate." Though we do not see eye to eye with the Labour Party in all things or even in many, it is news that the essential qualification for a Labour M.P. is the negative one that he must have neither intelligence nor manners. We hope it is not true.

A Thousand to One!

When Mr. Lewis K. Faraker, of 185, Sandyford Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, awoke the other morning, he found a letter notifying him of the fact that he had been adjudged winner of the first prize of £1,000 in "Bullets" Competition No. 426. He tells us that "it is a real godsend." Mr. Faraker is 26 years of age. He served four years in the Army during the war, rising from private to the rank of second lieutenant. At present he is employed as a temporary clerk in the Ministry of Pensions, just "scraping along." His intention now is to study for and obtain a business appointment, and to send part of the money to his parents in Norfolk "to help them along the rough road of life." Mr. Faraker until now had never succeeded in winning anytihng more valuable than half-a-crown.

Had your "JOHN BULL" Pen yet? If not, turn to page 14.

Kingston Shows the Way.

If the unemployment problem is to be solved, and speedily, everyone who can must help individually—it's useless to leave the whole solution to official effort. That great fact is emphasised by the Kingston-on-Thames Council, who have not only bestirred themselves to provide emergency work for as many men as possible, but have issued a spirited appeal to all employers of labour in the Borough to do the same, and to give jobs to men with families. Good for Kingston!

Woe and Workhouse.

If only we could get everybody out of the workhouse who would rather not be in it! Mrs. M. Rogers, writing from Ilex Lodge, Axbridge, is one of them. Her first husband gave his life for his country. Her second died of shell shock. Left with 13 children, the youngest under two years of age and the eldest out of work and unable to help her, she has had to seek the shelter of the Lodge. Some of her children are in a home at Trowbridge. "I do think it hard," she concludes, "that I should have to come to the workhouse." It is hard indeed.

Foreigners First.

Bitter indignation is expressed—not only by the victims themselves but by other British sailormen—who are lucky enough to be in a berth—at the fact that in many foreign ports, notoriously in Marseilles, hundreds of British seamen are stranded and starving, while British shipping companies are signing on wholly foreign crews. No heed whatever is paid to the applications of our own men, most of whom served splendidly and suffered sorely through all the years of the war. It is a grievance that should be looked into and remedied without delay.

Cheap Jack o' Falmouth.

Instigated, as we are told, by a clique of Falmouth tradesmen who want to maintain profiteering prices as long as possible, some members of the local Town Council are trying to prevent an iconoclast, one Jack Lipman, "tradesman and ratepayer too," from setting up stall on the Moor and cutting shop prices. Our information is that price-cutting is his only offence, as he has a legal right to vend his wares on the Moor, an open market, pays toll of 2s. 6d. every time he opens out, and is "the cleanest person who stands on the Moor." Good luck to Jack!

A Mother's Love.

There is something more than human in the instinct which induces some animals to brave all dangers to save their young. This story of a Paris cat is as touching as any. When the fire broke out at the Magasin du Printemps, in Paris, the cat and her three kittens were installed in the basement, and one after one, through fierce heat and blinding smoke, she carried them into a grocer's shop a hundred yards away. When her kittens were safe, she dropped down exhausted, "her paws badly burned and her skin a mass of blisters." Kind hearts and gentle hands have brought back to the devoted mother the life she almost lost, and now she is to be presented with a medal for bravery. The genius of motherhood has seldom been more strikingly portrayed.

"Sacred to the Memory"!

Recently the Corporation of Portsmouth took over the graveyard of St. Mary's, the largest Church in the Borough, converted it into an open space, and calmly allowed it to become a playground for boys. The careless and irreverent style of conversion left the graves so insecure that the lads were able to descend into a tomb, from which they took a human skull and played football with it. The Corporation waste little care on those just beginning life or on those who have ended it.

Bleeding the Tenants.

Robbery under the guise of rent is robbery all the same. The Lewisham Borough Council agree with their Housing Committee that the rents of the Council's flats in Broadway Parade, Sydenham, are too high, and that the Ministry of Health ought to reduce them. It is extortionate to charge from £40 to £50 rent, exclusive of rates and water charges, for flats in this working-class neighbourhood, and we are not surprised that some of the tenants have had to sell their furniture in order to pay their rent. Fix a rent which is something less than a ramp.

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Best Stories of the Month

IF you want good stories, selected without fear or favour, without respect for great names, you must read "PAN," the one fiction magazine with a strong personality.

PAN

November Number now on Sale 1/-

"On With the Dance!"

Music lovers will be well advised to look out for the JOHN BULL Song and Dance Annual, which will be on sale throughout the kingdom on November 15th, price 1s. 6d. This bumper budget will contain twenty-five popular copyright songs and dances; and all pianists and vocalists who desire to be up-to-date, will find it indispensable.

Hereditary Humanity.

The Common Serjeant, Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C., son of the great human novelist of the Nineteenth Century, recently dealt with three ex-soldiers, who were so enraged by the inability of the Church Army to assist them after, as they alleged, "advertising every day what it was doing for ex-Servicemen," that they broke several windows at the Army's Headquarters. He read them a fatherly lecture and bound them over. What a contrast between this humane judgment and the blind savagery of lesser lights of the Bench!

Why the Police Court?

There was an unusual and pleasant interlude to the ordinary business of Derby Borough Police Court the other day, when the Mayor presented Royal Humane Certificates to Mr Francis Wood, Mr. Alfred Gee, and Mr. George L. Morton for their bravery, on three separate occasions, in saving or attempting to save children from drowning. But the Police Court, with all its sordid and sorrowful associations, does not seem the proper place for so gracious a ceremony, which would have had a more worthy setting in the fine Council Chamber.

Ipswich's Horses.

"We thank you," writes Mrs. Lord, of the Ipswich Crusaders' Animal Protection Society, "for publicity in regard to Ipswich Corporation horses. Alas," the lady proceeds, "what use is the promise of the Corporation, as expressed through the Borough Surveyor, that 'in future' no horses unfit for work shall be sold, when again this week another horse was sold for £10 15s. to a Continental dealer? This horse could walk, but if it was unfit to work in a Corporation sanitary cart, it is certainly not fit to work elsewhere." Who is the judge, we should like to know, of the fit-to-work horses sold by the Corporation? And what has the local R.S.P.C.A. to say about them?

The Ellis Island Irritant.

The United States Alien Laws, as at present constituted, seem specially designed to cause annoyance and irritation to British emigrants to America. Utterly indefensible detentions at Ellis Island, with its notorious discomforts, are a frequent occurrence in the case of immigrants from British possessions beyond the seas, despite the fact that they may have fulfilled to the letter all the passport requirements, and obtained the American *visa*. Persistence in this pinprick policy towards British subjects can only result in loosening those bonds of friendship between the two nations upon whose maintenance peace so much depends.

A Waiting Game.

From many quarters we have heard that the great evil of the dole is having to wait a fortnight before obtaining anything—the first six days not counting. That, of course, is just the time that assistance is needed. "The first week I was out," writes a victim, "I went from Monday night till the following Friday morning with nothing between my lips but fresh air and water; I should have gone hungry longer but I managed to unearth a pair of trousers which were pawnable." We can imagine how it fares with those who have no such ready means of "raising the wind." A little human pity might serve to lighten the indignities of a system which in its present form adds bitterness to want.

Warning.

While Steamship and Railway Companies and other interested parties are busy booming Canada as an ideal resort for emigrants, it is interesting to note what is appearing in the papers over there. Here is a sample: "Warning. To Unemployed. Stay away from Vancouver, B.C., this winter. Conditions are Bad. Mills, Mines and Logging Camps are closing down. No prospect of employment of any character. No Relief work will be provided except to residents of long standing. Inserted by order of City Council of Vancouver, B.C." Similar warnings are badly needed on this side. They would explode the emigration myth.

Have a Shot at a Turkey!

Next week, in addition to a First Prize of £250, and the usual lesser awards, we are offering by way of further prizes, 100 Christmas Turkeys. The turkeys, which will be of the finest quality, will be despatched to winners in good time to adorn their dinner table on Christmas Day. "May good digestion wait on appetite."

How to obtain a "JOHN BULL" Pen. See page 14.

THE CHEATS' CHARTER.

HONEST WAY OUT OF THE DILEMMA CREATED BY THE BETTING DECISION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY, *Assistant Editor.*

THE Bill which Lord Muir Mackenzie is introducing in order to minimise the inconvenience caused by the decision of the House of Lords in the case of *Sutters* v. *Briggs*, should receive the cordial support of all honest people. Then all will be well that ends well. For the decision of the learned Law Lords in this case is what in logic is known as a *reductio ad absurdum*—that is to say, it serves to prove that the present law on the subject of betting is so riddled with absurdity that it cannot possibly stand. Now, I might have said this and repeated it till I was black in the face without arousing a fraction of the interest which attaches to the considered decision of the House of Lords. The situation is an amazing one. Until Parliament comes to the rescue and annuls a decision which is entirely at variance with common honesty, a man who pays a bet by cheque is entitled to have his money back whenever he "feels so dispoged." It has been received by the bookmaker for what is known as an "illegal consideration," for the Gaming Act of 1835, which declared all wagering contracts void, is still alive and kicking, and the fact that a man has been paid by cheque makes no manner of difference. So there we are.

The Law's Confusion.

I do not for a moment imagine that, whatever Parliament may or may not do, the decision in *Sutters* v. *Briggs* will be immediately followed by a rush of unlucky backers to the County Courts. Nor do I suppose that any considerable number of people, emboldened by the judgment of the Law Lords, will continue to bet and decline to pay. This is not the way of good sportsmen, and it is notorious that the business of betting has been carried on for many years in this country on a footing of personal honour that obtains hardly anywhere else to an equal degree. But although good sportsmen may rise superior to the temptations of the Gaming Act, which is a sort of cheats' charter permitting them to bilk their Turf creditors if they choose, they are nevertheless liable to a variety of accidents which in view of the decision of the Law Lords may, as the Lord Chancellor has recognised, be "extremely inconvenient for many people." Nor is Lord Birkenhead content to warn the public of the consequences likely to ensue from the judgment in *Sutters* v. *Briggs*. Speaking as a politician rather than a lawyer, he stands ready to lend a hand in clearing up the mess, and has already advised his noble colleagues to back Lord Muir Mackenzie's Bill.

The Plain Remedy.

Clearly a remedy must be found. Think what it means. For many years a man may have been accustomed to back his fancy to a greater or less extent upon the principal events of the Turf. Then he dies, and, on the strength of *Sutters* v. *Briggs*, his executors are entitled to go through the counterfoils of his cheque books for the last six years—the period fixed for the recovery of debts by the Statute of Limitations—and sue the various bookmakers named for the recovery of the bets paid. Nor is it only in the event of death that this alarming situation may arise. Under the law as declared by the House of Lords, a trustee in bankruptcy stands in exactly the same position as an executor. Moreover, it is not merely the right but the duty of such persons, who stand to others in what is known as a fiduciary capacity, to do all in their power to recoup losses incurred through betting transactions. Writing as I do for intelligent readers, I do not expect to be told that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and that the bookmaker has the same rights as the backer. Obviously there is not the slightest weight in this argument, since the bookmaker is laying odds for a living, and if he starts monkeying with the Gaming Act he may as well put up his shutters. The injustice of the situation is beyond question, no less than the absurdity of the law which pretends that betting is a crime, whereas in point of fact it is an almost universal fashion. There is, however, a clear and obvious remedy for the present state of affairs, and one moreover that should appeal strongly to all sections of British taxpayers. Sweep away the Gaming Act of 1835, lock stock and barrel; it rests on humbug, thrives on deceit, flourishes on fraud. Instead, let us recognise frankly that betting is a pastime which appeals strongly to many worthy citizens, and does no harm whatever as long as folks use their common sense about it, and do not get out of their depth. But in demanding the repeal of the Cheats' Charter, as I make bold to call it, I would add one simple proviso. If betting is legalised, as sooner or later it will have to be, let us earmark a share of the profits for the State.

A Revenue Raiser.

It would be the easiest thing in the world. If a man can afford to buy a seat at the theatre it is assumed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with rough accuracy, that he can also afford a small tip for the Government. Personally, I never resent this trifling impost, although the Income Tax, on the other hand, makes me groan in spirit. As regards entertainments, I choose light comedies and the laugh I get makes me forget the pain. It would surely be the same with betting transactions. Under a proper arrangement the successful backer would never begrudge a slight contribution to the needs of the Exchequer, and we should no longer be paying to hypocrisy the respect due to the law. I am pleased to gather that the Lord Chancellor takes this view. The Woolsack has not spoiled the sturdy commonsense which resided in the brain of Mr. F. E. Smith.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

IDEALIST WHO FAILED WHEN TRIED.

Mr. Reginald Pollington Sheppard, of Weston-super-Mare, according to a report, is a "well-known Labour member of the District Council, Secretary of the Trades and Labour Council, and officially connected with the Engineering Union." He was recently the defendant in a paternity case, in which Alice Rose Sims sought the usual Order. The girl testified that in November, 1920, she was walking in the town, when she was met by Sheppard, who followed her to the sea-front and accosted her. Urged on by his passions this leader of the people made overtures to her, conquered her scruples by promising marriage if anything resulted, and intimacy took place, which was repeated in February of this year. Becoming aware of her condition he made repeated promises of marriage, but failed to redeem them before the child was born in August last. After the birth, he wrote many affectionate letters, styling himself her "hubby" and asking the mother to "kiss baby for her dada." Fourteen days later he wrote through his solicitors denying paternity. He stated in defence that, though a grown man and a student of Eugenics at Ruskin College, *he did not know that the period of gestation was nine months.* The Bench, however, accepting his denial of intimacy with Miss Sims in November, 1920, while he admitted that of February, 1921, branded this girl as immoral and wanton, and themselves as credulous to an almost unbelievable degree.

MANX INHUMANITY.

THE BOY THE BAILIFF AND THE BIRCH.

The little Isle of Man, as everyone knows, is practically an independent State, having its own laws, which often have been administered with notorious harshness. That the bad old tradition is still maintained was painfully emphasised recently by a shocking incident in the Douglas Police Court. The "criminal," a tiny boy, eight years old, was solemnly charged with the heinous offence of "stealing a piece of bread from a baker's shop." That he took the bread because he was hungry was no defence or excuse in the eyes of the grim and inhuman authorities of Man, nor was any consideration given to the fact that it was the poor little lad's first fault. The powers of the law arrayed against him decided that he was a thief, who must be made an example of as a warning to other evildoers—juvenile or adult. Therefore, Mr. Farrant, the High Bailiff, savagely sentenced him to receive four strokes with the birch-rod, and forthwith the cruel and humiliating punishment was inflicted on the shrinking, trembling, terrified child. Nor was this all. Lest even the birching should not sufficiently stigmatise him, he was pompously "placed under probation." Such treatment of a little child is a monstrous and merciless travesty of justice. It is not the way to make good citizens, but to manufacture criminals, to ruin, degrade, brutalise a human soul. A great and terrible responsibility has been incurred by the official responsible for this judicial crime.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

ABANDONING THE REMAINS OF OUR HEROES.

To the thousands of mourners whose beloved still lie in unknown graves on the battlefields and amid the ruins of France and Flanders, the Government decision to abandon the official search for bodies—in order to remove and reinter them, with due and solemn obsequies, in the beautiful War Cemeteries—has caused the most poignant anguish, especially as it is known that thousands are not only recoverable, and in a condition that still admits of identification, but that they are found, often in large numbers, almost daily by the workmen now engaged in reconstructive work in the tragic devastated areas. These workmen are supposed to report every such discovery to the War Graves Commission, but are not bound to do so—and whereas the French and Belgian authorities pay a reward of two francs for each body of their own dead thus found and reported, so far the British authorities have declined to make any such arrangement. There is no excuse whatever for that refusal—not even the contemptible one of "economy"—for, even if a few thousand francs had to be thus disbursed, the total sum would be infinitesimal in comparison with the hundreds of millions now being squandered in this country in every direction. It seems incredible that the Government should not take every possible precaution to ensure that no human effort be spared to enable the last solemn rites to be rendered to the mortal remains of our heroes who died that England might live.

Why pay fancy prices for Fountain Pens? See page 14.

TWELVE MONTHS WITHOUT TRIAL.

BRUTAL MISTREATMENT OF BRITISH SAILOR.

A few days ago Joseph Stathers, sailor, married, and a native of Grimsby, walked into the office of JOHN BULL. He informed us that in August of last year he arrived at Malaga, in Spain, on a trawler which was to be sold to a Spanish merchant. One Sunday evening, while he was listening to a band, some young Spaniards commenced skylarking and making fun of him. Though he says he did not in any way retaliate—not knowing the language—a police officer, after having hustled his tormentors, seized him, knocked him down, drew a sword, and struck him over the head. A number of people in the crowd resented the savagery of this police bully to an unarmed man, and Stather states that the policeman was severely used by his own countrymen. Badly injured by the cowardly attack on him, Stathers was taken to a dressing-station, where he was tied to a chair, shamefully knocked about, and subsequently escorted to prison, where he was tied up in a cell and battered about at intervals by brutal police, with the result that all his teeth were knocked out, and other injuries were inflicted upon him. He was kept in gaol for a year before he was even tried on the charge for which he was summoned in the Correctional Court of Malaga, and had it not been for the kind interest of Mr. S. S. Tindall, of Redhill, Surrey, who met Stathers in Algeciras, and Mr. L. E. Colvile, of Malaga, together with the intervention of the British Ambassador through the British Consulate, it is probable he would still be at the mercy of his Spanish torturers in prison, untried and unfriended. When at last the poor fellow was brought to trial and enabled to make his defence to the untruthful charge of stabbing a policeman, the Court found him not guilty and ordered him to be set free. In consequence of his sufferings Stathers is much disfigured and in bad health. We have before us documents and letters proving the truth of his story. Now it is a very scandalous thing that the Spanish Government should be aware of this mistreatment of a British citizen, or for that matter of any foreign citizen, and yet neither offer apology nor make compensation. The Spanish Government does not move, and the Spanish Ambassador does not even try to move them. There is no doubt whatever that Stathers has been abominably and unjustly treated and ought to be adequately compensated. Following the revelations regarding the ill-treatment of our own ex-Servicemen who enlisted in the Spanish Foreign Legion to fight the Moors—and who, too, are without redress—such cases as this are very disquieting.

NINTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION RESULT.

£1,000 DIVIDED AMONG FOURTEEN READERS.

In this competition the following fourteen readers each sent a coupon containing the correct results of the ten matches played on October 22nd and, therefore, divide the prize of £1,000, each receiving £71 8s. 7d. :—J. Carnaffan, 171, Hugh Gardens, Newcastle-on-Tyne; E. Dewhurst, 2, Norreys Street, Rochdale; H. Fell, 4, Solway Street, Liverpool; E. E. Hardwick, 25, Chandos Road, Ampthill, Beds.; H. F. Jackson, 292, High Road, High Cross, S. Tottenham; F. Latham, 189, Marsh Lane, Bootle; T. Mannion, 16, Edward Street, Warrington, Lancs.; H. Nield, 70, Parkhill Road, Liverpool, S.; C. H. Purnell, 7a, Exchange Mansions, Muswell Hill, N.10; Mrs. E. M. Ronalds, 34a, Whatman Road, Honor Oak Park, S.E.; T. A. Rudd, Common Farm, Rishangles, Eye, Suffolk; H. J. Simmons, 2, Salisbury Terrace, Haine, Ramsgate; S. Tams, 9, Hatrell Street, Newcastle, Staffs.; A. W. Webb, 60, Lower Ford Street, Coventry.

DISHONOURING OUR DEAD.

SQUABBLES OVER SITE FOR A WAR MEMORIAL.

But for the men who went forth to fight in the black years of the war, the opulent town of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, like the whole of this fair country of ours, would to-day be ground under the iron heel of the Hun—a fact that seems to be forgotten or ignored by its chief citizens. For, though like every other town and village in the land Dewsbury has a long "Roll of Honour" of her gallant sons who fell in battle, at the present time—three years after the virtual end of the war—no memorial has yet been erected to those dead heroes; not for lack of money, as £5,270 has already been subscribed, but because the Town Council and the War Memorial Committee have been indulging in a long series of sordid and unseemly squabbles over the selection of a suitable site. The most painful and significant feature of the recent and renewed altercations is that scarcely a passing reference was made, and that only by one or two of the many acrimonious speakers, to the purpose of the Memorial—the men it should commemorate. The Mayor himself suggested only that the Committee "ought to fulfil their obligations to the subscribers," while the chief controversy raged round the question as to whether, if the Town Hall were decided on as the site, that imposing edifice would be "embellished" or "spoilt" by the erection of a monument and of tablets recording the names of the men who had made the supreme sacrifice. A tentative decision has now been arrived at to set up some "statuary" outside this precious Town Hall—no place of peace, where those who mourn and honour the dead may pause awhile in reverent homage, but amid all the raucous hurly-burly of the market—and to have the names set up somewhere within the building, where they must be sought by those who would see them. No wonder that thousands of Dewsbury people are hot with indignation. That friction of any kind should arise in connection with so sacred a matter must be a source of great sorrow to all patriotic inhabitants of the town.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS IN PRIZES!

THE "JOHN BULL" "MYSTIC EIGHT" PUZZLE.

On Friday, November 11th, the remarkable problem, the "Mystic Eight," will be released for sale. Then the race for the £500 in prizes—all competitors starting at "scratch"—will begin. The "Mystic Eight" will be obtainable from all newsagents, stationers, and toy-shops, at a uniform price of 1s., or direct from the offices of this journal for 1s. 3d., post free. A unique feature of the "Mystic Eight" Puzzle—which will be known everywhere as "Misty Kate"—is that it may be preserved intact after the solution has been sent in on the form provided in each box, and used for entertaining friends during winter evenings. It will therefore have the advantage of being a permanent source of interest. The puzzle consists of eight small numbered cubes; and all that is required to be done is to arrange the small cubes in the form of one large cube in accordance with a plan which it will be the business of the competitors to discover. The first ten correct solutions posted will win, *in the order in which they are posted*, the ten prizes we are offering—viz., 1st prize, £300; 2nd prize, £100; 3rd prize, £50; 4th prize, £15; 5th prize, £10; and the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th prizes, £5 each. "Misty Kate" is so designed that mathematicians and other experts will have no special advantage over the ordinary competitor. Moreover, each week during the run of the puzzle interesting facts and helpful hints will be given in this journal.

Sweet Rapture

WITH sparkling eyes and outstretched arms—that is how the kiddies receive Sharp's Super-Kreem. No wonder there is such excessive eagerness—Super-Kreem is so delicious, pure and nourishing.

8D. Per ¼-lb.

Sold loose by weight, or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also sold in 1/-, 1/6 & 2/9 tins. If unobtainable in your district kindly send post card giving name of your confectioner.

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THERE is no specific in the world that is more entitled to this claim than Pond's Extract. For upwards of 75 years Ponds' has been warding off and curing the nation's ills. For even very serious accidents and ailments it is an invaluable first aid, ensuring the patient's comfort until the doctor arrives. Pond's Extract is antiseptic and soothing. It is invaluable for **colds, sore throats,** and **influenza.** It is also a wonderful healer of **cuts, burns, scalds, sprains, eczema, piles, varicose veins, etc.** Keep a bottle handy in case of emergency.

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THE SHAME OF WHITEHALL.

RUTHLESS ECONOMY AXE STRIKES AT THE ROOTS OF JUSTICE.

IN considering the raging, tearing propaganda of Anti-Waste which has figured so prominently in recent by-elections, we have always expressed a fear lest injury might be done to the cause of the ex-Service man who has a claim on the country's gratitude which must take precedence of purely economic considerations. Already it appears that our misgivings on the subject were more than justified. As we expected, the feverish economy campaign instituted by frightened Ministers in response to the stern demands of Parliament has been seized upon by the heads of Departments as a pretext for the wholesale dismissal of men who, since their discharge from the Army, have filled the rôle of "temporary Civil Servants." Indeed, it almost seems that there is a special animus against the ex-Service man, and that the Government fall behind many private employers in the sense of duty to the men who fought for their country in the war. To make matters worse, we have recently witnessed the scandal of the reinstatement in Government employment of many Conscientious Objectors who, in certain offices, have been admitted at one door while men with fine records of war service have been thrown out at the other. Such a state of affairs calls for emphatic protest.

CRUEL HARDSHIPS.

A month ago it was estimated that, of the many thousands of ex-Service men discharged from the Civil Service during recent months, as many as 1,300 remained still totally unemployed. Since then there have been further wholesale dismissals, and a still larger number of men who were once eagerly sought for by their King and Country have joined the ranks of the workless. The fact that a man has been in the Army and perhaps been disabled through active service seems to count for nothing at all. If anything, it seems to tip the balance against him. This, at any rate, is the conclusion of the Association of Ex-Service Civil Servants, who point out that, while ex-soldiers in their thousands have been turned into the street, the Government Departments still swarm with women clerks and with men who never heard a shot fired in anger. The grievance is one which demands careful examination at the hands of a Government which is pledged to the eyes to see justice done to the men who, on account of the strain of warfare, are less fitted than they might otherwise be to scramble for employment in the open market. Not that the ex-Service Civil Servant has reason to fear comparison with those whose claims are more tenderly regarded by the authorities. For, in many cases, the men who dropped the rifle for the pen have more than made good in their new jobs.

AN IGNORED REPORT.

In order to give a show of fairness to their action, the authorities, before bringing the Anti-Waste broom into use, announced a special limited competition for permanent posts in the Civil Service, which, while confined to those already serving as "temporaries," would be open to ex-Service men on the same terms as others. Unfortunately, the whole scheme was conceived in such a way as to give the poorest chance to ex-Service candidates, while affording every opportunity to the man who, while the soldiers were busy fighting, had had leisure for quiet study. In other words, the examination was of a purely academic character, which a number of men highly recommended by the heads of their Departments for efficiency in office work failed to pass. Many others, with promising records, obtained too low a place to be put "on the strength" of the Departments which, despite every obstacle, they had served with credit and distinction. In these circumtances, and with an apparent desire to minimise the hardship caused, the Government appointed a Committee, presided over by the Earl of Lytton, to consider what steps might be taken to satisfy the various parties affected, and particularly to safeguard the interests of ex-Service men. After mature consideration, the Committee decided on a scheme of "substitution," it being proposed to "comb out" the female staffs and temporary male clerks of the non-Service class on a similar plan to that which was adopted to obtain fit men for the Army during the war. The first Report of the Committee was full of encouragement for the ex-Service men. Twelve months ago one of its members publicly stated that the Lytton Report had been accepted by the Government and would be acted upon in the letter and in the spirit. Unfortunately, this promise has been shamefully broken, and, in spite of lavish undertakings to the contrary, the wholesale dismissal of ex-Service men has reached the stage where it differs little from rank victimisation. The wonderful "substitution" scheme of the Lytton Committee has gone entirely by the board. Still there are 45,000 women and nearly 9,000 non-Service males employed in the Civil Service, while the ex-Service men are a rapidly dwindling number, if we except those who have been lucky enough to capture permanent jobs.

THE DUTY OF THE STATE.

This is a matter of all others in which the State should set a decent example. Other things being equal, as in the majority of instances they unquestionably are, preference in State employment should without exception be given to the man who can point to a sound record of war service and of sacrifices incurred in the name of patriotism. The least Ministers should do, if they are honest in their professions of loyalty to the ex-Service man, is to order the Lytton "comb-out" to proceed at once, and so re-absorb as many as possible of the men who, after longer or shorter periods of devoted labour, have been kicked out of doors for their pains.

EATEN ALIVE BY MAGGOTS.

FARMER'S REVOLTING NEGLECT OF A COW.

If the Devil ever happens to cast his net over Ambaston we hope he will not miss John Lockett, a farmer in that locality. His treatment in Hades could hardly be worse than the treatment he meted out to one of his wretched cows. According to evidence given at the Derby County Police Court, he left this poor beast lying in a field powerless to move and suffering horrible agonies for several days without the slightest attempt to alleviate or end its misery. When ultimately discovered, still living, the ground round about the animal's hoofs was all worn away by its agonising struggles, and in some places deep holes were made. More horrible still, parts of its hindquarters and head had been eaten away by maggots. When taxed with the poor beast's condition Lockett callously remarked: "It's what we call a thin one. It is of no value"; and when summoned to appear at Court he airily excused himself by wiring that he couldn't attend as he had two pedigree heifers calving. As the prosecuting solicitor remarked: "When there was money to be made he couldn't attend." Doubtless this mercenary creature paid the £25 fine inflicted by the Bench with his tongue in his cheek, congratulating himself on having got off fairly cheap. Wherein he was not far out, for with some Magistrates it might have been a long spell of prison "without the option."

QUEERING THE PITCH.

THE SEVEN JOLLY BUTCHERS OF TRING.

It has long been a mystery to the inhabitants of Tring that meat should be so ridiculously cheap wholesale and so outrageously dear when retailed by the butchers. Seven of the knights of the cleaver in Tring, at any rate, have spared no efforts to keep folks guessing. They coolly sent in a petition protesting against the Urban District Council allowing the market to be used by stall-holders to sell meat on any other day than the appointed market day, viz., Friday in each week. Also they demanded to know on what authority the Council were empowered to let stalls for selling meat except on that particular day! The householders of Tring realised that the greater the competition the lower the price, and countered this saucy attempt to get a monopoly by petitioning the Council to refrain from any action prohibiting the open sale of commodities in the market—which after all was the common property of the town. The Council wisely quashed an attempt to keep the discussion in the dark by debating in Committee, as had been suggested by certain individuals. They decided on open ventilation of this bid for bolstering up prices by restricting competition, and it was resolved that, if the by-laws were not sufficiently definite on the point, then a new one leaving nothing to question must be passed. The Council are to be congratulated on this sensible intention.

"DEAD-ALIVE" AIR STATION.

A CASE OF "NO BIRDS IN LAST YEAR'S NEST."

Will somebody—preferably Captain Guest, the Secretary of State for Air—be good enough to inform us why the Royal Air Force Station on the foreshore of Mount Batten, Plymouth, has become a farce? Its position excludes the public from a popular pleasure haunt, and yet there is apparently nothing doing at the Station—it seems as dead as mutton. If there are aeroplanes inside the aerodromes they must be going rusty, for either there is nobody alive enough to fly them or those who are alive are under instructions to pretend to be dead. Local feeling is very much exercised over this matter, though doubtless that fact will not keep the officials responsible awake of nights. During the war the Mount Batten Air Station proved its value. If air-craft have served their turn and had their day, then this Plymouth station and all that therein is may as well go to auction; but if it is still important that we should improve aircraft and train aviators in peace in readiness for war, then the Station should get busy and keep busy to the extent of its usefulness and its capacity. Unfortunately, the term air-station has become in the public mind synonymous with a hotbed of waste. We have ourselves ventilated many glaring cases, some being made much worse by astounding details of slackness, and aggravated by the failure of the higher officials to exercise supervision.

Join the ranks! of "JOHN BULL" Pen users. See page 14.

SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF POPULAR PEOPLE.

MRS. ASQUITH.

IF those sons and daughters of ours who will inherit this earth and all its troubles when our time is past care to remember Margot—wife of Herbert Henry Asquith, once Prime Minister of Great Britain—they will probably recall her as the Woman Who Never Grew Up. I, for one, shall always think of Mrs. Asquith as the female Peter Pan. She does not share the curious spiritual fragility of Sir James Barrie's fairy tale hero, but she certainly shares young Peter's inability to grow with the passing years and to assume the responsibilities of experience and age.

To me Mrs. Asquith will always be the Grandmother of the Flappers. She is the archtype upon which they all seem to be modelled. She has all the inconsequence, the assurance, and the impertinence which characterises these peculiar modern young women. And she was being talked about for those very qualities of Flapperdom years and years before the word Flapper was invented. Yet she is the youngest of them all still.

Margot Asquith was born of an influential, if not a remarkable family. All her life she has enjoyed opportunities of meeting the "men and women of the moment." She has used and abused these opportunities consistently, with her frivolous chatter, her passion for irresponsible friendships and eccentric "movements" of thought and fashion, and I might well have dismissed her as the idle creature of an idle day if some trick of circumstance had not destined her to be the wife of Britain's Prime Minister at the time of the nation's greatest need and the people's greatest peril.

Inordinately vain, she revels in a recital of her mental and physical flirtations. Brilliant with the flashy brilliance which one associates with a draper's shop window lighted up at night, she was undoubtedly attractive. Without beauty she had magnetism. She drew all manner of admirers, and one romantic gentleman went to the length of climbing up porticoes to enter her private rooms at an unconventional hour of the night. Poor Romeo! What a pity he never married Margot, when there would have been an end of her importance so far as this country is concerned!

She relates, with relish, that "Society" once hummed with rumours that she was engaged to Arthur Balfour. But this mild political philosopher, lover of music and examiner of theological doubts, was intended for other things. Margot did not marry a cool, calculating genius, or any of the highly coloured young men who paid her court in the days of her youth. These latter were simply sparks about the blaze of an over-heated personality. Moths round the candle if you like! It was reserved for Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith, a shrewd, capable, industrious, unimaginative, middle-class lawyer from Yorkshire to take her to the altar. There never was a greater contrast even in the curious chronicles of matrimony.

And this is where I think history will start quarrelling with Margot. We can forgive her much of the irresponsible levity of her youth. We forgive youth easily. But having married this solemn, solid widower, Margot might have tried to grow up. When, by the force of political circumstance—by the British unwritten law of "safety first"—he became Prime Minister of our country, she might have realised that it was only craziness to continue occupying herself with the latest crazes. She might have blossomed into a woman, but has remained a naughty child. She might have been something of a mother to the nation when the great hour of trial came. But she was only a chattering cockatoo; an unstable creature of brilliant colouring.

I have a vision of her introducing Maud Allan, the bare-legged dancer, into No. 10, Downing Street, and poor Mr. Asquith escorted the dancer down to dinner. I have a vision of a party being given to a certain poet when all the ladies dressed up to look like pierrots. And all the time the German Eagle was preparing to pounce, whilst Lord Haldane babbled about Germany as his "spiritual home" and so far succeeded in bamboozling the Kaiser that the latter was convinced we should never have the pluck to fight. And then the war and a stricken world!

Most of us grew old in a day, but Mrs. Asquith was an exception. She was sorry to lose the friendship of the German Ambassador and his very amiable associates. She was, at the same time, naturally anxious to do all within her power for our British heroes, but alas—she would not grow up.

All sorts of sinister, but utterly silly, rumours were afloat as to her friendship for Germans. They were the false deductions that a bewildered public drew from irresponsible conduct on the part of a woman in a most responsible position.

The last time I saw Margot during her husband's Premiership was at some garden party. She had buttonholed the American comedian Mr. Raymond Hitchcock. I can see them now. The bright-eyed, long-faced wife of England's Prime Minister interviewing the funny red-faced clown with the white hat tilted over his ear, with as much zest as she would have interviewed Salisbury, Maud Allan, Gladstone or Booth, or anyone else who was remarkable in some gift or another, and all assorted without any sense of proportion or degree. Margot quite enjoyed herself that afternoon. But men were dying every minute in Flanders mud; and I could not help feeling that this clever, volatile, irrepressible child of nature was never meant to be our chief woman of affairs in the greatest struggle of Britain's stormy history. Well, she passed out of our public life, and we will let her past go with her. A creature of many good and charming impulses, and many bizarre and irritating habits, she was simply not fashioned for the stern purposes of Statesmanship with a world at war.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally Nonentities.)

To Frederick Mead, Esq., Metropolitan Magistrate, Mariborough Street, W.

DEAR MR. MEAD,—May I say just a word in regard to the sentence of six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour you saw fit to pass upon a street hawker, named David Follis, who had been selling a pamphlet of blank pages purporting to contain a record of my "good deeds and achievements"? I entirely appreciate the motives which prompted your severity. You thought it highly improper that the prosecutor in a charge of criminal libel should be exposed to this sort of underhand attack while the case was in progress. But that sentence of six weeks' hard labour was a bit stiff, wasn't it? Surely a small fine or a reprimand would have met the case? It is not only the hardship of imprisonment, but the stigma of conviction that counts in these cases, and to tell you the truth I am not at all sorry that the silly chap was released by order of the Home Office. Forgive my intrusion. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Charles E. Baker, Fulham.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Making all allowances for your Socialism—that dire disease from which you appear to be suffering rather badly—I am inclined to think you forgot the decencies of debate when you referred to the members of the Ramsgate Town Council as "a gang of whitewashed sepulchres and smug-faced rascals," and characterised the women members of that body as "two unsexed females." Your description of Ramsgate's civic representatives may be described as vulgar abuse; but I am not at all sure that your reference to the ladies was not libellous. Even a Socialist *can* be a gentleman. JOHN BULL.

To Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., Farm Street, London, W.

REVEREND FATHER,—You have condemned the gloomy Sabbath of Glasgow, where brightness of colour or anything pleasant in religion is a deadly sin. I certainly agree with you that "if a man looked to the needs of his soul on Sunday morning" he should be free to minister to reasonable and decent needs of his body for the rest of the day. But where all the Churches fail is in offering a very empty and dull satisfaction of the needs of the soul, and allowing as jam for that pill a very restricted secular liberty, thus provoking an inevitable revulsion of feeling against religious observances. So I think, at any rate. And I fancy you do, too.

JOHN BULL.

To Sidney Gedge, Esq., ex-M.P., for Stockport, Mitcham Hall, London.

DEAR MR. GEDGE,—I feel I must offer you a few lines of congratulation on the attainment of your 92nd birthday and being able to ride to Church on a tricycle to celebrate the festive occasion. You must be fit indeed to have the courage to go into heavy vehicular traffic and the wit to get out of it. Personally, I wouldn't attempt to perform the feat for as much as ninepence. May your wheels go merrily round for many years to come. JOHN BULL.

To Mordaunt Smith, Newnham Court, Beaumont Avenue, Richmond.

SIR,—According to a police report, you shot at a cat with an air-gun, and managed to hit the poor animal, knocking out its eye, and causing such agony that the wretched creature hung helpless over a fence. Evidence was given that your air-gun pellet would only kill at short range and by a direct shot on the heart. As you admit you are a very poor shot, it was evident that if you hit your mark you could only cause your victim, as you did, unnecessary pain or torture. If, as I am informed, you are officially connected with a Tract Society and the Lord's Day Observance Society, this cruelty shows that you are not only a callous cad by nature but a disgusting hypocrite at heart. JOHN BULL.

To Henry St. J. D. Raikes, Esq., K.C., Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

DEAR SIR,—Trial by jury is one of the most precious privileges of the British subject, and the benefit of the doubt is the recognised right of the accused in any British Court of Justice. Yet, when a mixed jury, empanelled at the Derbyshire Quarter Sessions, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" in the case of Thomas William Mace, you permitted yourself to say "he was a lucky man to be given the benefit of the doubt, and a very shadowy doubt"; while you further remarked that he had been "lucky to have a rather too sympathetic jury." You subsequently gave further vent to your satire by keeping the same jurors in attendance, although another jury was sworn for the next case, saying that it had occurred to you "that in case of any of the present jury falling ill, possibly the last jury would not be the worse for a little extra practice." Such observations are unworthy of a man of your legal eminence, and merit the most severe censure. Kindly mend your ways.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Beatrice C. M. Brown, 23, Bride Lane, London, E.C.

DEAR BEATRICE,—I have no strong opinion either way of Esperanto. But I *do* object to your using it as a means of spreading the tenets of your "No More War International Movement," which demands a pledge from its supporters to the effect that they will "never participate in a war, either in attack or defence, international or civil, whether by carrying arms, making or touching munitions, subscribing to a military loan . . . or working with the idea of freeing others for military service." I hate war, but I hate more fiercely the pusillanimous sentiments you would propagate. I wonder what would have been *your* fate if the Huns had broken through our defence and set their foul foot on these shores? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. James Ponting, Maida Vale.

SIR,—You recently summoned a number of boys for playing football in a public garden on Sunday. I agree that a garden is not the place for football, though idle lads might and do play many worse games than "footer" on Sundays. Still, I am greatly intrigued to note that, finding your own son among these juvenile delinquents, you summoned him too, and he was duly fined 10s. Such a Spartan spirit is uncommon, as you naturally had to pay the fine yourself. I presume you took a good ten-shillingsworth out of his sinful hide—though here, again, it needed a stern and inflexible character to apply deliberately more wear-and-tear to garments expensive enough nowadays. However, what an example your son will be able to quote when *his* children incur parental displeasure! JOHN BULL.

To Miss Olive Johnson, Harringay.

MY DEAR LASSIE,—Some time ago, I commented severely on the savage award by the Wood Green Magistrates of five weeks' imprisonment for the "offence" of leaving a situation where it was obvious you would be unhappy, and signing on at the Labour Exchange as being without suitable employment—which was true. I said this disgraceful sentence could not stand, and in a degree I prophesied correctly, since on appeal it has been reduced to a fine of £10. I still think it is too much, but keep a good heart. No decent employer will think a penny the worse because a mere girlish foolishness has been treated by a ferocious Bench far more harshly than many a glaring instance of unmitigated crime.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

McKenna's plan to save the Hun
From paying up what we have won,
Although disliked by British minds,
In Germany agreement finds.

'Tis strange to find the Navy League
In the Disarmament intrigue!
It has forgotten, it appears,
The principles of bygone years.

The youthful eye, astonished, blinks
To see old ladies on the links:
Far happier they, it seems to me,
Stirring another sort of tea.

The railway servant, with dismay
Finds he has income-tax to pay.
Not only on his weekly screw,
But on the tips we give him, too!

The most astounding bargain ever offered! See "JOHN BULL" Pen announcement on page 14.

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: *GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.*

By "THE WAYFARER."

B. Lynch's First Big Win.

Bert Lynch, who rode such a fine race on Milenko in the Cambridgeshire, is to be congratulated on at last gaining a really important success in this country, where he arrived from India some months ago. This season Lynch has only secured a few minor victories, but he rides with fine judgment, and as he can go to scale at about 7st. he should find plenty of patronage in the future. In India, Lynch had a successful four years' career, riding principally for Mr. C. Langley and Mr. R. Cahagan.

Brood Mare Still Racing.

When once a mare is relegated to stud duties, her racing career usually comes to an end, but Mr. T. Chalcroft's Thelma is an exception, for the daughter of Thrush, who has this season won a couple of good races over sprint distances, is the mother of two youngsters. In 1919 she foaled a colt by Primer, who is now the two-year-old Premature, and last year she produced a filly foal by Blink.

Royal Cast-Offs' Successes.

It seems the irony of fate that in a season when the King has experienced such bad luck with his horses, several who have been cast out of the Egerton House stables as useless should take it into their heads to start winning. Two to prove successful on the flat are Great Joy (a winner of three races) and Rara Avis, and over hurdles recently Border Don won a good race.

"Sensational" Scratchings.

The "sensational" scratching of a dozen of Mr. J. White's horses from all their remaining engagements this season turned out, after all, to be quite a mild one, for considering it was a well-known fact that there had been coughing in the stable, it was not surprising when the pen was put through the horses' names. Mr. White has many other horses with engagements to fulfil and will still go on racing.

Sir Abe Bailey's Retirement.

So Sir Abe Bailey was so cross at Tishy's ignominious failure in the Cesarewitch that he intends to dispose of his English stud, lock, stock and barrel, and to retire from racing in this country! That is as it may be, but in the meantime look out for Tishy in the Liverpool Cup.

Electric's Last Foal.

Electric was a brilliant filly when trained by Gilpin for Mr. L. Neumann, and at the stud she produced a great son in Orpheus—her last foal before she died in 1917, when 11 years old. This year Orpheus has won the Duke of Cambridge Handicap, the Princess of Wales Stakes, the Champion Stakes and the Limekiln Stakes—all at Newmarket—and with 10 st. up the son of Orby ran a great race in the Cambridgeshire to finish sixth behind Milenko.

Gilpin's "Fa med" Race.

Peter Purcell Gilpin has practically farmed the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket for a number of years, for previous to the victory gained by Re-echo last week, the Clarehaven trainer had won the race several times, some of his winners being Hammerkop, Pretty Polly, French Partridge and Admiral Hawke.

Still Without Pace.

It is not a little curious that in a season where the cry has been "too much pace and too little skill," Chelsea are suffering from too much skill and too little pace. "Dave" Calderhead will, I hope, excuse me saying that there is a little too much of Scotland in his team. And what a mixture of styles in the forward line! Two Scots, two Englishmen and a Welshman to lead them! To expect the perfect blend here is to expect the leopard to change his spots.

National Sports Ground.

It should be definitely understood that the F.A. Cup Final tie next April will have to be played at Stamford Bridge if it is played in London, and it is a 100 to 1 against it going into the provinces. The new ground at Wembley Park will not be ready until 1923. Why not make this a national sports ground, as they are thinking of doing in France for the 1924 Olympic games, with the Government taking a hand?

The Long-Suffering Public.

Speaking of national sports grounds reminds me that fine progress is being made at Wimbledon Park with the All-England Lawn Tennis ground. Wimbledon has long been a hopeless place from a public point of view, and to me the patience of the crowds in terrible heat—perspiring, cramped, crushed and catching fleeting glimpses of part of the centre court only—has been amazing. No crowd outside this little island of ours would have stood it ten minutes.

Wanted—A Centre.

Barring accidents, there will be only one or two changes in the English international football team to meet Wales in March next from that which did everything but score goals at Belfast. One certain alteration is at centre forward. Simms is not good enough, but who is in this very lean year for leaders? If only "Andy" Wilson had been born in England, the F.A. could choose an eleven second to none in the Kingdom.

Dissatisfied Descamps.

Descamps is so dissatisfied with the result of Charles Ledoux's meeting with Tommy Harrison at Hanley, when Ledoux lost the European bantam-weight title, that he will not rest content until a return match has confirmed last week's result or altered it. Descamps feels that either the referee was wrong—really he is convinced of this—or Ledoux was boxing below his form, or Harrison above his.

The Double Knockout.

The Senegalese boxer, Battling Siki, has done everything asked of him in France so far, and one of the best was to knock out the Belgian, Leroy, twice in one night. They wouldn't have that sort of thing in this country, but a weak referee and the clamourings of a house which in its quietest moments was far from silent, saw Leroy put up for a second time. When he was eventually carried out, he might well have exclaimed, "Save me from my friends."

Joe Beckett's Rest Cure.

I have heard nothing yet of any of Joe Beckett's projected plans for the winter, if he has any. But why should Mr. Arnold Wilson have to go to France to find an opponent for George Cook?

Placed on Probation.

Carpentier and his advisers cannot be accused of going about looking for trouble. They have in mind Georges' bout with the tough Australian George Cook, in London on December 2, and before that is over they are not going to be involved in anything which might lower the French idol's reputation in his own capital. So they have told Battling Siki that he is a very good boy but he mustn't expect too much yet. When he has laid out both Marcel Nilles and Paul Journee, then Carpentier will consider whether he has a vacancy on his engagement card. So he says, anyway.

Will Bennie Leonard Come?

A match in London between Ernie Rice, our lightweight champion, and Benny Leonard, the world's champion, would be very popular over here, and from what I hear there is a good chance of it being brought about. Rice has done so well in America that he has a good sporting chance of doing credit to himself in a bout with the man who took away the title from Fred Welsh. Anyhow, Rice has not been over-flattered by British promoters, and a world's title contest at Holland Park would wipe out many disappointments.

Kid Lewis's Try for Hat Trick.

Kid Lewis, who has been taking a sort of 'busman's holiday by sitting in the referee's chair at a number of boxing shows since he last beat Johnny Basham, is very confident that he will complete a "hat trick" of titles when he meets Boy McCormick at the Albert Hall in a fortnight's time. Lewis is already "welter" and "middles" title holder, and he wants to add "cruiser" to the list. McCormick is just as certain that he won't. Which is as it should be.

A Mixed Bag.

The Jimmy Wilde—Johnny Buff bout is more in the air than ever. The American wants a five-figure purse, and Wilde has his price. It will soon need a multi-millionaire to stage a contest between stars—even if they are nearing the veteran stage.

There is one golden rule which all professional billiards players have apparently combined to observe. Having won the championship, you decry everything and everybody except yourself. The old childish game of "I'm not going to play in *your* yard."

A useful "coincidence" double for football honours—Burnley and Barnsley. A pari-mutuel wouldn't register long odds against it coming off.

As a sound lawyer, Lord Birkenhead had no option but to give an adverse decision in the betting by cheque case. But as a private individual he doesn't hesitate to say what he thinks of it all.

It is perfectly true that J. G. Cock is not happy at Chelsea, and would rather play for Brentford than stay where he is. This is one of those cases where the transfer system does nobody any good.

Congratulations to G. T. S. Stevens, the young Middlesex cricketer, on being elected captain of the Oxford University team for next season.

Entries for the amateur billiards championship closed on Monday. Sidney Fry is playing in such sound form in private that he is a good tip for another year as title-holder.

For economy's sake! use a "JOHN BULL" Pen. Coupon on page 14.

A SOUL IN

The Echo of a Crime—Man Home Office Feared

By THE EI

THE appeal I have to make this week is on behalf of a man whom the world calls a murderer—a young fellow of twenty-one, who, having escaped the gallows, is "expiating" his alleged guilt in the solitude of Parkhurst Prison. Four years ago David Greenwood was a free and happy man, with an excellent record of Army service and sound prospects in civil life. Then the darkness fell and heavy clouds of misfortune began to descend upon the little home at Catford, of which, as his mother sorrowfully tells us, he had been the mainstay and support. In an evil day, David Greenwood, against whose character nothing had ever been known, fell under suspicion of murder. The cataclysm was terrible in its suddenness, shocking in its nature, awful in its consequences. One night in February, 1918, the dead body of a girl named Nellie Trew, a clerk, employed at Woolwich Arsenal, was discovered under some bushes on Eltham Common, and by the side of the corpse lay a regimental badge which had been in the possession of Greenwood. Such was the flimsy clue around which the police were to weave a chain of circumstantial evidence sufficiently strong to persuade a jury that this quiet lad had been the author of a brutal crime. I read the evidence at the time of the trial, and felt even then that there was something lacking in the theory of the prosecution, as advanced by Counsel for the Crown. It was one of the many cases which have impressed me with the need of a Public Defender, whose business it would be to ensure that no evidence telling in the prisoner's favour should be overlooked, and no unfair emphasis laid upon details of a circumstantial nature tending to establish his guilt. All through the piece the young fellow stoutly protested his innocence.

A Mysterious Reprieve.

I think I know at least as much about the law of England as any man who does not wear a wig—and perhaps a little more than some who do—and I have always understood that when a murderer is reprieved it is for certain well-defined reasons. If upon occasion the Home Secretary advises the King to respite the capital sentence, it is because he thinks that, in the special circumstances of a particular case, justice will be met with a less punishment than hanging. It may well be that, although technically the act of killing amounts to wilful murder, there are extenuating facts which reduce the heinousness of the offence and call for some mitigation of that stern law which demands a life for a life. Now, consider for a moment the case of David Greenwood. Whoever murdered Nellie Trew was an assassin of the most brutal type. I can conceive of no more despicable kind of crime than that which takes advantage of an unprotected girl and makes baffled lust the excuse for fiendish outrage. No, if Greenwood was guilty, he was without excuse. Why did the gentleman who then filled the office of Home Secretary advise His Majesty that the capital sentence should be respited? For one reason, and for one reason only. In invoking the royal prerogative of mercy on behalf of David Greenwood the Home Secretary was actuated by doubts similar to those that had vexed the public mind as the case for the prosecution slowly unfolded itself at the Maidstone Assizes. It is a terrible thing to hang a man unless you are sure he has committed a murder. Therefore the gracious clemency of the Crown was exerted and the sentence of death "commuted to one of penal servitude for life." The interval between sentence and respite saw an amazing demonstration of public feeling. Fifteen thousand people wrote letters to the Home Secretary demanding Greenwood's reprieve. Nearly half a million signatures were obtained to a petition calling upon the Crown to exercise its prerogative of mercy. Relatives and friends of the prisoner were indefatigable in their efforts to save this poor boy from the scaffold. In the three-and-a-half years that have elapsed since Greenwood went to gaol these efforts have never slackened, and in the hope that they may at length be brought to fruition the young man's broken-hearted mother now appeals to me to use such influence as I possess to secure full and complete justice for her son. The documents in the case are of an amazing nature. First of all, let me give the pathetic letter in which Mrs. Greenwood expresses a touching confidence in my ability to help:—

> DEAR SIR,—I have read of many cases in which you have interested yourself and put things right where justice was required. I am only a poor widow, supported by my two girls who are at business, and my youngest son who is a Royal Marine, and allows me 7s. 6d. a week from his own pocket. I am about to ask a great favour of you concerning my eldest son David, who has been in prison 3½ years for a crime which he never committed. I would very much like an interview with you to give you the full details of everything that happened at the time. I enclose the extracts from the paper. Can you tell me this: If my son is guilty, why did they not hang him? Why, on the other hand, should an innocent man be kept in prison? . . . I enclose my dear son's last letter. You can read for yourself what state of health he is in. I feel something must be done before it is too late; so I come to you hoping you will be interested in my poor boy's case, and do something for him, and I will be for ever indebted to you.—Yours gratefully, MARY ELIZABETH GREENWOOD.

Thus appealed to, I have once more gone fully into the evidence tendered at the trial, and am more than ever afraid that a serious miscarriage of justice has taken place. In any case, one cannot fail to be moved by Mrs. Greenwood's earnest championship of her son's innocence and by the burning mother love which prompts her still to travel several days a week to the scene of the murder in the hope that by some chance or another she may pick up a clue to the crime. That she is not without hope of a happy conclusion to her labours is evident from the following further communication she has addressed to those who are labouring in the lad's behalf:—

> Lots of people believe that my boy is innocent, and when I walk over the places where he and I walked together I feel com-

Though Time and test have proved it wise
That Justice rule with blindfold eyes,

N TORMENT.

ured to Hang—Was David Greenwood Innocent?

E EDITOR.

forted and surer than ever that I shall be given a clue one day. Already I have picked up one or two hints, and while I cannot state anything definite, my impression that I should be led aright is strengthening. Let me tell you one or two things about David. He was 22 last November, and I have two younger girls and a boy. When war broke out, David at once pestered me to let him join the Army. This rather puzzled me, for he was a gentle mother's lad. Still, he was very persistent, and he enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps on August 17th, 1914. At the time he was a teacher at a local Sunday School, and everybody liked him. To have suggested anything brutal about David was absurd. For a time he was stationed at Lewisham and billeted at home, but he went to France in January, 1915, and was out there a year without leave. I was ill in Camberwell Hospital when I heard that David had been invalided to England. He had been blown a distance of thirty yards in an explosion. When he came from the Army David was very little changed. He still was fond of his home and always told me everything. I cry now sometimes when I remember how he used to put his arms round my shoulders and kiss me when I was unwell. Then came the dreadful tragedy.

It may be said, of course, that the poor woman's faith in her boy is the mere foible of motherhood, which can see no fault in the child now grown to manhood who is yet bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Be this as it may, I am deeply impressed with the legal aspects of the case, nor can I altogether neglect the evidence of David Greenwood's letters from prison, which the mother cherishes with the pathetic wistfulness of maternal longing. One of these impressive human documents lies before me as I write.

Yet never should her *ears* be sealed
Or Truth in vain may be revealed.

It is dated from Parkhurst Prison, September 12th, 1921, and reads:—

> I received your welcome and loving letter about a fortnight ago. I am very sorry I could not answer it before now and I am also sorry my last letter to you was so short. I did not take your letter in a wrong light, but I am pleased to hear that things are not so bad as I thought then. I told you my reason for not writing. I wrote a long letter in reply to yours and Eleanor's, but the tone of it was so black and so truthful that I was not allowed to send it to you. I had to re-write it, but I had not the heart to do this, so rather than not write at all I just wrote those few lines. Unfortunately, although I am quite well physically I am very little, if any, better spiritually than I was when I last wrote. I am absolutely weary and fed-up with everything, and it is about as much as I can do to write these few lines. I cannot write much, for I can hardly bear to think of home and you and my dear friends. Each thought causes such acute longing and pain that instead of looking forward to writing and receiving letters I dread it. Yet I can do practically nothing else than think and dream of freedom and a renewal of the happy past. I have been in prison for three-and-a-half years for a crime of which I am entirely innocent, as you know, and each day's imprisonment becomes harder to bear than the preceding one. So you can hardly be surprised to find me in a condition that is indescribable. I shall most likely write one more letter before November 1st—none after.

If this man is a murderer, he retains a wealth of tender sentiment which belies the charge. In the loneliness of his prison cell he has composed certain fragments of verse which, if delicacy of thought is a clue to character, speak volumes in support of the theory of his innocence. I do not suppose that these lines are poetry in the strict sense of the term, or that they would satisfy any of the canons of literary criticism, but they may at least be of interest as coming from the pen of a man who is supposed to have battered the life out of an innocent girl in circumstances stamping him as a ruffian of the most brutal type. The following lines "To My Mother" are at least worth a glance:—

My Mother, many years have passed away
  Since last I saw your face, felt your caress;
But always, with the memory of that day,
  Fond thoughts have buoyed me in my worst distress.
Whene'er I've been in danger, or in pain,
  Or tempted to descend the paths of shame,
Your voice has called me to the right again
  As, lovingly, your lips pronounced my name.
Oh, Mother dear, oh, voice that watchful rings
  So softly in my ears: my truest friend
I know, whate'er the fickle future brings,
  Your tender love will shield me to the end!

And this to "An Unknown British Soldier," remembering that when the war broke out David Greenwood "pestered" his mother to be allowed to join the Army and fight his country's foes:—

He did his work in the field of strife,
  'Neath a murderous hail of lead:
And he gave his name, and gave his life—
  And he joined the Nameless Dead.

I have read these verses and others, and many letters from the prison cell in which David Greenwood is eating his heart out in the agony of hope deferred. It is a tragic story, yet one which I believe may still have its happy ending if only the friends of the prisoner will keep their courage and place their trust in those great principles of British justice which are seldom finally defeated, though at times they may seem to suffer passing eclipse. I should esteem myself unworthy of the position I hold if, in the midst of my own troubles, I did not spare a thought for those who, with less advantages than mine, are fighting for justice in the teeth of oppression. If David Greenwood was not hanged because there was a doubt of his guilt, it is a monstrous and indefensible crime to leave him to languish in penal servitude. There must be a fresh inquiry into the whole case, and if, as I firmly believe, there is a strong presumption that this man was innocent of the death of Nellie Trew, the gates of Parkhurst Prison must be flung open and the captive restored to the waiting arms of the brave woman who is still proud to call him son.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD DAWSON OF PENN.

"MORNIN', sir. . . . *Shavin'?* Cert'n'y. I can attend to you at once if you'll be good enough to take this chair. Pleasant day, sir. More like spring, ain't it? You know, sir—w'en the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts o' love, as some poet put it. Wunnerful thing, ain't it, sir, 'ow the birds an' rabbits 'ave started breedin' again as if it was March or April, thinkin', I s'pose, as they've got through the winter, an' it's time to start again. Rabbits! Lumme! I seen some rabbits in my time. I remember I was stayin' with an ole friend o' mine down in West Sussex a few years ago—a blacksmith, 'e was—a good shot and a n'orl round sport. 'E lent me a gun, an' we went on the Downs about midnight—it was about midsummer—an' I saw more rabbits then than I'd ever seen before in me life all at once. Like flocks o' sheep, they was—sweepin' across the brow o' the 'ill in 'undreds. We shot a few, but 'e told me thet more die through overbreedin' then wot do from the gun. Spotty liver, they git, so fur as I kin recollec', an' 'ave bin known to lie about dead by the score! . . .

* * *

I thought o' them rabbits w'en I read Lord Dawson's speech at the Church Congress, or wotever it was, a couple o' weeks ago. An' I thort 'ow much the porer clawses o' human bein's is like them rabbits—you know, sir, breedin' indiscriminate like, an' trustin' to luck for grub for the youngsters. It don't seem right, do it, sir? It don't seem fair to me to bring a kid into the world if you ain't in a position to give it a fair chawnce. . . . I knows, o' course, that, besides rabbits, them other teetotalers, curates, disagrees with me—but if they wants to 'ave a nice little tick orf, let 'em come to my missus. She ain't very long-winded—bless 'er!—but wot she does say is to the point an' no *h*error—not 'arf! Eh! *You* 'appen to be Lord Dawson? Well, you've caught me proper, this time, me lord. I don't think I've never 'ad the pleasure o' seein' you 'ere before, sir, an' I'm pleased an' proud to 'ave the chawnce o' givin' you a n'easy shave. Becos I agrees with all wot you sed. We controls Nature as fur as we can in pritty near everythink, but for some reason wot I carn't unnerstand we're told by certain parties as it's wrong to try to control the birth-rate! Wot tosh! I'm glad to see Dean Inge is broad-minded enough to support your views. I looks at it this way, me lord. . . .

* * *

Nobody, unless 'e's a fool, is goin' to set up a motor-car unless 'e can afford to run it, is 'e? A motor-car stuck in a garage don't give no pleasure to nobody, does it? An' it don't do itself no good, neether. It rusts, an' gits out of order becos it don't git a fair chawnce o' showin' wot it can do. Ain't it the same with children? If a man brings a kid into the world wot 'e carn't afford to keep or give a fair chawnce in life to, it ain't fair to the kid. It's all very well to talk about 'avin yer quiver full, but wot's the good o' thet unless you've got your larder full at the same time? . . . Thet's the point, ain't it, me lord? . . . One moment, sir. I'll give you a brush down. . . . Thet's it. . . . Oh, sixpence to you, sir, an' I 'ope you're satisfied. . . . Goo'-day, sir—me lord—an' thank you. . . .

EXTRA TURNS.

BY PUBLIC PATTERERS.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

My name is Nathaniel Curzon;
I'm a very superior person!
I'm the King's Secretary for Foreign Affairs,
But that's not the reason I put on airs:
My father the 4th Baron Scarsdale was
Also a parson of parts;
But I didn't take to the Church, because
I'm keener on heads than hearts!
At Eton I studied—at Oxford, too—
A thing, I admit, many others may do,
But *they're* not Nathaniel Curzons!
They're *not* all superior persons
Like me . . . . . You see!
They cannot afford to put on airs
Like the King's Secretary for Foreign Affairs!

PATTER: Aw, I say, you people in the pit and gallery, just pay attention to what I'm saying, will you? What? You don't seem to appreciate my importance. Fortunately, *I* do. You seem to think I'm an ordinary, common or garden entertainer. Not at all. What? I'm a Curzon. *The* Curzon; or what, in your common vulgar parlance, you call "the goods." Note my style! Did you ever see anything superior? Just observe my manner. Ever seen anything finer? Dignity personified! I'll undertake to say there's not a butler in the Kingdom can touch me! Superior persons like me are born, not made. . . . *Bad grammar?* Who says so? Let me tell you, sir, that a nobleman of my antecedents is superior to grammar! Grammar was made for man, not man for grammar. Moreover, I'm not so sure there was anything wrong with mine. . . . What? *What have I done?* Good gracious me, my man, I don't have to *do* anything! I add dignity to the country merely by existing. I confer a favour on the Empire by breathing British air. At the same time, I haven't been altogether an idler, you know. I've held high office before now, and acquitted myself as a Curzon should. At present, I'm Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—and that's a moderately responsible job, I can assure you. What? Some people seem to think I made a bit of a mess of the Russian negotiations, but I beg to differ. You see, persons of *my* social standing have very grave reasons for being suspicious of revolutionaries. You ordinary, common people would be quite safe, I dare say. But I'm afraid the Curzons, like the Czar and his relatives, would go through it. . . . After all, it had to do with such vulgar things as trade and filthy lucre. It is all very well for the common herd to have to concern themselves with money, but I would have you know that I'm a Curzon and a member—an insignificant (ahem!) member—of a Government which has a very proper and natural contempt for such low down things as cash. What were people who are not Curzons born for but to provide the wherewithal for those who are? *Why am I so stiff?* My dear man, *I* can't help it. I suppose I was born that way. But there's many a soft, warm heart beats under a stiff waistcoat. "Manners maketh man," said Bacon, but many a man is misjudged on account of his manner. I'm one of them, I'm afraid, for:

My name is Nathaniel Curzon—
I'm a very superior person!
I'm the King's Secretary for Foreign Affairs,
But that's not the sole reason I put on airs:
At Eton I studied—at Oxford, too—
A thing, I admit, many others may do—
But *they're* not Nathaniel Curzons!
They're not such superior persons
As me. . . . . You see!
They cannot afford to put on airs
Like the King's Secretary for Foreign Affairs!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"RICHMOND AND TWICKENHAM TIMES":—"The HOUSE was then cleared of the furniture, PLACED ON THE LORRY AND TAKEN AWAY."

"BUTTERFLY":—"He was SEATED on a sugar-box, STANDING alone, deep in thought."

"GIRL'S OWN STORIES":—"HER FOOTSTEPS CARRIED HER, WITH OTHERS, round to the stage door."

"WEST LONDON OBSERVER" (letter to Editor):—"If ever I DO GET KILLED I shall HAUL SOMEONE UP FOR MURDER."

"SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST":—"At twenty practically ALL GIRLS and more than eighty per cent. of the young men are HUSBANDS."

"LANCASHIRE DAILY POST":—"At Barrow, yesterday, the HIGHER EDUCATION SUB-COMMITTEE WAS COMMITTED TO GAOL FOR 14 DAYS FOR BEGGING."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN" (advertisement):—"WIDOW has BEDROOM TO SHARE, GENT."

"SMART FICTION":—"Meggie SHADED HER HANDS WITH HER EYES."

"PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS":—"Dan Fraser, the popular Scotch comedian, tops an OTHERWISE EXCELLENT bill at the Rink this week."

SIR ARCHIBALD SALVIDGE (according to *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*):—"Many of us, it is true, WILL NOT BE HERE WHEN WE MEET AGAIN."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY INDEPENDENT":—"We have taken up the sword of the 'Citizens' Association,' and we are not going to sheathe it until the LAST SHOT IS FIRED!"

"BAZAAR, EXCHANGE AND MART" (advertisement):—"Outdoor cameras, stands, dishes, tanks . . to clear up AMATEUR GENT'S estate."

"ILLUSTRATED LEICESTER CHRONICLE":—"In connection with THIS YEAR'S Church Congress, which WAS HELD IN LEICESTER A FEW YEARS AGO, a great gathering of boys and young men took place in Birmingham Town Hall.

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS":—"He had to ring twice before the BELL WAS OPENED TO HIM by a woman."

"SUNDAY COMPANION":—"His EYES roved over the crowd of men, and lit on Tom Vaughan. A malignant expression flashed into his ONE EYE."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"An Asani would MUCH RATHER FIGHT THAN WORK, and HE IS NEVER HAPPIER THAN WHEN HE IS DOING A LITTLE TRADING."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

Last week we displayed in our windows at Long Acre, several of the bargains advertised in JOHN BULL, and they attracted a great deal of attention.

The following guaranteed advertisements in this issue are particularly interesting:—

Ladies and gents' raincoats for 20s., carriage paid.
Free trial supply of Alkia Saltrates.
Unbreakable gas globes for 2s. 8d.
A darning apparatus for 2s. 9d.
A rug-making machine for 2s. 9d.
Rubber soles for 4s. 6d. gents, or 3s. ladies.
Trousers for 10s.
Trench coats for 21s.
Overcoats for 32s. 6d.
Overcoating and serge suitings for 5s. per yard.
British gramophones for 39s. 6d.
A ten-day supply of Pepsodent dentifrice free.
A free book on postal piano training.

There are many other interesting announcements, some of which are in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 19.

The JOHN BULL Advt. guarantee is on page 1.

You are entitled to a "JOHN BULL" Pen. See coupon on page 14.

Curzons renew their wonderful offer to 'John Bull' Readers

So great has been the response to our recent offer in "John Bull" that we have decided to give the readers of this paper one more chance of securing these bargains.
Not only are these three special lines covered by the "John Bull" guarantee, but so sure are we that they will delight you that we undertake to refund *more* than the money paid in the event of the goods not meeting with approval.

THIS SPLENDID OVERCOAT 32/6 CARRIAGE PAID.

For only 32/6 this warm serviceable overcoat, strongly made from good quality reliable dark grey Cheviot, well lined and finished off, will be delivered free to your door.

You are asked to take Curzon's pledged statement that a similar Overcoat was sold last season for £3 17s. 6d.

THIS FINE TRENCH COAT 21/- POST FREE.

The ordinary price of these grand Trench Coats (*not* Government Goods) is Two Guineas. They are full-length coats, lined rubber, double-breasted style with belt, exactly as illustrated. They are not only shower-proof but storm-proof.

Understand clearly that the £1 1s. will be in full payment for the coat, and no more money will be required.

If on receipt of the Trench Coat you don't like it, return it to us, and we will send you 22/-, so that you won't be a penny out of pocket.

Could anything be fairer?

If the overcoat is not as stated, all you have to do is return it to us, and we will at once remit you 34/6 (that is 2/- more than you paid.)

No patterns can be sent.

These coats are not on sale at our shops, but are offered to "John Bull" readers only.

TROUSERS at less than Half Price

10/- PER PAIR. Carriage Paid.

Made from durable Tweeds, in mid-grey, dark grey, brown and fancy grey stripes, and honestly worth more than double the money we are asking for them.

When ordering, please state shade required. No Patterns can be sent.

We undertake to refund your money if we fail to please you. Not more than two pairs can be supplied to any individual customer.

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

The World's Measure Tailors,

60 & 62, City Rd., London E.C.1

USE THIS COUPON NOW.

To **CURZON BROS., LTD.,**
60 & 62, City Road, London, E.C.1

I enclose Cheque/P.O. ..... for which please send me, carriage paid, on your guarantee—
Overcoat at £1 12 6 Trench Coat at £1 1 0
Trousers at 10/-

Strike out line not required—if any.

Name .....

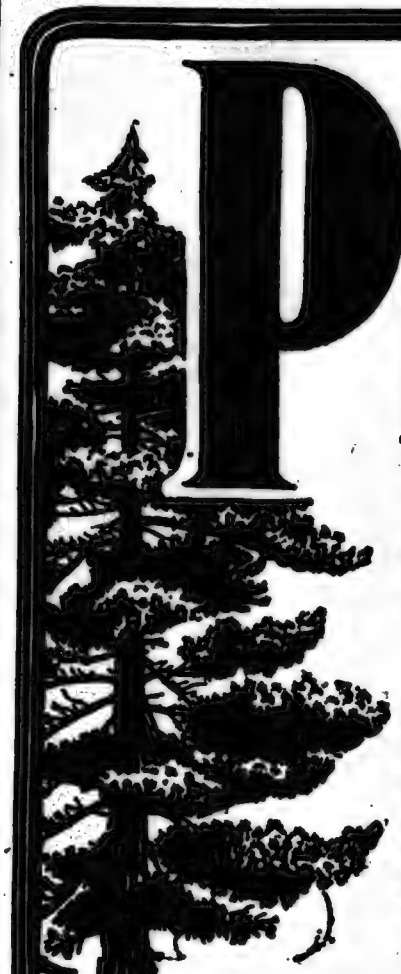
Address .....

.....

COATS.
Height .....
Chest ..... over Waistcoat)

TROUSERS.
Waist .....
Length .....
Inside Leg .....

If patterns of our suitings from £4 7 6 to £4 19 6 are required write the word 'YES' here.....



"The Pine Forest in Every Home."

PEPS

ALWAYS CARRY a few silver-jacketed Peps tablets with you to relieve that peffing cough and head off that threatening cold.

Peps contains a valuable medicine that penetrates right down to the farthest recesses of the lungs, dislodging any infectious germs and imparting vigour and strength to the breathing organs.

Peps are the boon companion of the bronchial invalid and all weak-chested people. Free from opiates and all habit-forming drugs.

2/- and 5/- per box of all chemists.

for COUGHS, COLDS & BRONCHITIS.

——— and Wincarnis gives new vitality to those who are Run-down because ———

Wincarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, health-giving preparation.

As a Tonic it "tones up" the whole system. As a Restorative it restores lost vitality. As a Blood-maker it enriches and re-vitalises the blood; and as a Nerve Food it promotes new nerve force.

That is why over 10,000 doctors recommend Wincarnis.

If you are Weak, or Anæmic, or Nervous, or Run-down—begin taking Wincarnis to-day.

But be sure you get Wincarnis—*shun substitutes.*

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell Wincarnis.
Try just one bottle.

Small Size, 3/3. ——— Large Size, 6/-.

WINCARNIS

The Wine of Life.

TOMMY, JACK AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheese-paring, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

The R.A.M.C. Ramp:—Concerning the reply to our personal letter to the Secretary of State for War and the "Air" about the R.A.M.C. men who were enlisted between August 4th and August 14th, 1914, at 4s. a day, and who only received private's pay of 1s. 6d. a day, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans announced that some soldiers erroneously attested at Devonport could claim the extra money, but no other claims "would be admissible." We commented upon the matter and made disclosures, even threatening to move the adjournment of the House.

Note the Change:—And now? The Devonport ramp has been altered, by adding the words, "and certain other cases which have been specially and finally dealt with." Well, we have induced this "special and final" business, and hope in a short time to compel the Finance Department to treat honestly quite a huge batch of men who have been robbed, and who must be not specially but "finally" dealt with. We promised Tommy, and we will keep our pledge at all costs.

An Unfair Distinction:—It has been ultimately decided to grant the British War Medal to the *personnel* of coast defence batteries that actually engaged the enemy during the war; but nothing is to be given to the searchlight men and anti-aircraft gunners who were so frequently in action with the Germans aloft. "What did *you* do in the war, Daddy?"

Play Fair:—The commander of the convalescent party attached to the 101st Co. R.G.A. at Manora, Karachi, must deal fairly with his men in the matter of rations and extras. Although so many thousands of miles from London, he must not think that we are not in touch with his command—and many other commands further afield. We hope to hear from his men that this hint has resulted in a betterment.

"True Blue" in Ireland:—Sir William Goulding, boss of the G.S. & W. Railway in Dublin, has always been regarded in Ireland as an upholder of the Empire, and he would be affronted if you suggested otherwise. Ask the members of the exclusive Leinster Club. We would request the gallant knight, if he will so condescend, to look into the treatment of Silver Badger Andrew Cosgrave, of High Street, Limerick, and let us know what he intends to do in the matter.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From R. J. C., Plymouth:—"Allow me to thank you most heartily for interceding on my behalf in regard to the balance of my account, which has been owing to me for 22 months. I had unsuccessfully tried to obtain it myself, but since I put the case in your hands you have secured in 17 days what I could not get in two years—that is, a postal draft for the amount owing from the Paymaster."

"Under Consideration," Eh?—Many war widows married the brothers of their deceased husbands, and were classed by the Ministry of Pensions as, let us say, moral offenders, their gratuity equal to one year's pension being cut out. There is now on the Statute Book a retrospective Act legalising such marriages, and entitling those who innocently re-married to their gratuities.

Give Them Their Money:—And yet we find the Ministry of Pensions considering whether they will pay over the moneys to the widows who re-married "before the Act was passed." Just think of it. If the matter is brought before Parliament—and we will see to that—there will be the deuce to pay, and we anticipate that some limpets with ossified brains will be sent from the Ministry of Pensions to appeal to the local authorities for brooms and shovels. It is disgraceful that there should be any hesitation in such a bare matter of justice.

Jack's Money:—Prize bounty for the destruction of the German submarine U.C.41 on the 21st August, 1917, is now ready for the crews of H.M. trawlers *Thomas Young*, *Jacinth*, and *Chickara*; U.B. 107, by H.M.S. *Vanessa* and H.M. trawlers *Calvia*, Commander Nasmith, and *Warlet Priory*, 27th July, 1918; No. unknown, by H.M. ships *Thruster*, *Retriever*, and *Sturgeon*, 11th March, 1918; U.C. 1, by H.M. seaplanes N. 65, 8689, 8676, 8662, and 8682, 24th July, 1917. Awards are also ready for the salvage of the s.s. *Pak Ling* by H.M. tug *St. Brock*, between the 7th and 15th June, 1920.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at* 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

The Grim Sergeant.—A poor fellow with a wife and four children is out of work. His dole was exhausted, they were "on the parish," and his baby was dead. He wished it to avoid a pauper's funeral, and we saw that the indignity was spared.

On the Tramp:—A family, consisting of father, mother, and two youngsters, tramped from Norwich to London looking for work, but could not find it. Their credentials were good, and we helped.

Ran From Home:—A young girl who ran away from home in the country to seek her fortune here was down and out, and we saw that she avoided the London pitfalls by sending her back to her parents.

The Wrong Sorts:—Again the usual cohort of cadgers who begin their letters with the phrase "I have just heard of your fund." They do not know that we keep an index of the cases helped by us, which shows that we assisted them more than once months ago, when they had, too, "heard of our fund." They are all turned down.

For the Babies:—Still the little strangers arrive, and the distressed prospective mothers wonder where the fees will come from and where they will get the necessary "babby rags"—the majority of the fathers being out of work. Will you help?

"AND SO DYING EVERY DAY."

Government has a great scheme to alleviate distress. Some—the official section—say that it is good, others, the Labour men, disagree with it. Good or bad, we hold to what we have said about it. It is very much in the nature of a pill to cure an earthquake. The pity is that the scheme was not placed on foot last spring. We suppose that the big-wigs did not see this point.

Even if the scheme is practicable, what about those who will never work again? Take an ex-soldier whom we have met. He has no pension; he is dying of consumption, surrounded by his wife and nippers. The poor fellow, in his agony of death, having been helped by us, wonders by whom he will be buried, as he is not insured, and he also speculates how his delicate wife and children will exist when he is gone. Poor chap! He dies wondering. Would that we could cheer up all such dying bedsides. *We could do much more if you increased your help.*

Then the countless cases where the ex-soldier who did so much for us has no dole, no pension, and watches "the missus and the kids" starving. God help him! He tramps and tramps looking for work without success. The "help" of the parish is there, in the shape of small groceries, but no rent, and the landlord wants that, failing which the bailiffs come in and collect the furniture—or the poor fellow is shot out, lock, stock, and barrel, to sink or swim.

Think of it. The hungering, the dying, and the dead; the naked ones whom we aid through you. Forget extraneous things and continue to help us to help the very distressed. Our record and yours is a grand one, and shall we not maintain it? There is much to be done, and we beg you to assist us to do it. We ask you to send us your donations for the poor who bombard us, and you may lay it to yourselves that, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

Sgt. W. G. J. (Bermuda), 10s.; "W," £1; "In Memory of W.E.," 5s.; "Betty and Peggy," 2s. 6d.; "Fag," £1; H. C. H. (Cambridge), 2s.; T. S. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; C. I. M. I. (Helsby), 5s.; J. B. M., 1s.; E. W. E. (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; "Veteran R.I.C.," £2; Anon. (Newcastle), 1s. 2d.; H. H. G. (Clapham Junction), 5s.; S. G. (Perth), 2s.; W. G. P. (Colchester), 10s.; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 1s.; F. H. B. (Guildford), 4s.; W. T., 6d.; "Faithful Reader" (S. Beddish), 1s.; G. H. (Alloa), 5d.; A. E., 6d.; J. S., 1s.; M. M. J., 2s.; "Ex-Coldstreamer," 6d.; "Yorkshire-born Woman," 1s.; P. Z. E., 1s.; "Perdu" (Charlton), 10s.; H. J. (Forest Gate), 1s.; "A Well Wisher" (Tunbridge Wells), 5s.; "Hamish," 1s.; A. J. J. (Barnstaple), 1s.; F. D. D. (Hetheron), £1 0s. 11d.; "Artist" (Liverpool), 5s.; C. E. O. (Natal), 2s. 6d.; C. M. R. (Vancouver), 5 dollars; M. L. (North Lambeth), £1; "South Ealing Reader," 4s.; "A Reader" (Woodley), 1s.; W. J., 1s.; "Sympathy," 1s.; W. O., 1s.; J. R., 6d.; "Tom," 1s.; F. H. H., 2s.; "Save the Children," 1s. 2d.; W. W. (Boston), 10s.; W. G. B., 2s.; T. H. M., 2s. 6d.; "Tweedside," 5s.; "Lesuddea," 5s. and parcel; "B. of C.," 2s. 6d.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

The following sums have been contributed by readers who have been good enough to help the fund by means of collecting-boxes at their premises:—

A. Eaves, 22, Wellington Road, South Stockport, 2s.; Harry Legge, Post Office Stores, Upchurch, Kent, 4s. 6d.; S. Spratt, 98, Richmond Road, Ilford, 5s.; W. Wood, Mercantile Stores, Ltd., Ocean House, Clarence Road, Cardiff, 2s. 6d.; R. Cuff, White Horse, Winterbourne Bassett, Swindon, 3s.; J. F. Roberts 111, High Street, Aldershot, 1s.; L. Barke, The Cigarette Box, 151, Union Street, Plymouth, 1s. 6d.; J. Stowering, The Golden Bowl, Jacob Street, Bristol, 1s.; Mrs. R. E. Deal, Station Road, Toddington, Bedfordshire, 2s. 8d.; K. Gray, Off-Licence, St. Saviour Road, Saltley, Birmingham, 1s. 2d.; H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, 2s.; D. Pullen, North Tavern, North Street, Leeds, 3s.; W. Griffiths, Griffiths' Hotel, Caroline Street, Cardiff, 1s. 2d.; J. Hearne, 12, Lillie Road, Fulham, S.W., 8d.; F. Scotney, Fish, and Quart Hotel, Leicester, 5s.; G. Dakin, 3-5, Conduit Street, Leicester, 2s. 6d.; W. Money, Pimlico Road, S.W., 1s.; R. J. Ryan, Duke of Cambridge, Palace Street, S.W., 11s. 1½d.; Builders' Arms, Moreton Street, 1s. 6½d.; Austen & Co., Rampayne Street, S.W., 4½d.; Denbigh Arms, Denbigh Place, S.W., 5s. 11½d.; J. Mummery, Navigation House, Nahura Locks, York, 10s.; W. Boulton, 256, Humberstone Road, Leicester, 2s. 6d.; P. Bedford, 158, Northampton Road, Leicester, 2s.; Beeching, Junction Road, Highgate, N., 6d.; Marenils, Bricklayers' Arms, Charlotte Street, E.C., 2s. 11d.; B. W. Price, The Castle, City Road, 5s. 3½d.; Neal, Bull and Last, Highgate, N., 9½d.; A. P. Wilson, 81, Cannon Street, Birmingham, 1s. 4d.

The "J.B." Lever Self-filler

"THE KING OF PENS."

The Last Word in Pen Efficiency.

IT FILLS ITSELF.
IT CLEANS ITSELF.
IT CANNOT LEAK.

PRICE:
with 1 coupon 8/9
„ 7 coupons 7/9 Worth 17/6

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 2/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. *Nov. 5. 1921.*

P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, *or* Broad Nib.

HAD YOUR "JOHN BULL" PEN YET?—IF NOT—DON'T DELAY—SEND TO-DAY.

Like New Teeth

The teeth that people see sometimes after film removal

This offers you a ten-day test of a new teeth-cleaning method. Millions now employ it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. The results are seen in whiter teeth on every side to-day.

See the results on your own teeth. Learn how much those pleasing effects may mean. For your sake and your family's sake, ask for this 10-Day Tube.

One must fight film

That viscous film which you feel on your teeth is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles.

It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and remains. It often forms the basis of a cloudy coat. It is the film-coat that discolours, not the teeth. And film is the basis of tartar.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Old methods of brushing did not effectively combat it. Much film remained. Despite the tooth brush, therefore, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Very few people escaped.

A change has come

Now dental science, after long research, has found effective film combatants. Many careful tests, under able authorities, have proved them.

These two methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And millions of people have come to employ it, largely by dental advice.

The results are quickly seen and felt. One cannot doubt them. We urge you to prove them for yourself and judge what they mean to you.

No Charge

for a 10-Day Test. Simply send the coupon and watch the delightful results

Other protections

Modern science also urges certain aids to Nature, and Pepsodent contains them.

Each use of Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent for neutralizing acids which may cause tooth decay.

All these results come from every application. All are now considered essential, in view of modern diet. None of them have been accomplished by the ordinary tooth paste.

Watch the change in a week

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

The results will be new to you, the benefits apparent. A book we send explains the purpose of each new effect. Ten days will enable you to decide between the new way and the old. And you should do that. Whiter, cleaner teeth mean much to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

TRADE MARK

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, each use of which brings five effects authorities now desire. Advised by leading dentists everywhere to-day. All druggists supply the large tubes.

S. African distributors: Verrinder, Ltd., 106, Adderley Street, Cape Town, to whom S.A. readers may send coupon.

614

10-DAY TUBE FREE.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 176, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

JOHN BULL 5/11.

All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each enquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Markets' Pulse.

On the whole, lately the temper of the Stock Exchange has been showing a gradual increase of robustness. The ease of money is bound to affect leading investment securities to some extent, and there is a certain amount of nibbling in the speculative sections by those who are tired of leaving their cash on deposit with the banks at a nominal rate of interest. The spirit of caution persists, however, and so governs general operations that I do not think, even in the face of another definite rupture with Ireland, prices would be seriously shaken. There is, perhaps, a more widely felt expectation than would be anywhere admitted that the impending Washington Conference will result in, at any rate, a partial cancellation of inter-Allied indebtedness. But it is useless yet to build on hopes of that sort, though undoubtedly an agreement in that connection would do more to quicken an international revival than anything else. We must "wait and see."

Uncertain Silver.

The market for silver metal remains very uncertain, but there is a more reassured feeling regarding the immediate outlook, which will be welcomed by shareholders in silver mining undertakings and by holders of securities whose interest is payable in silver. Both London and Chinese stocks of the metal are low, and China has arranged for a considerable shipment from this country, but the movement may be reduced, and much depends upon what speculators in China and the Indian bazaars may do. At present there is a belief that India will be forced to come into the market as a substantial buyer very soon.

New Oil Issue.

The directors of the Anglo-Burma Oil Co. have decided that the outlook now warrants the offer of 3,000,000 shares of 2s. each. There is a considerable section of the financial public which prefers the speculative attractions of a new share to counters with a checkered market past. The proceeds of the present issue will be utilised to acquire the properties of the New Indian Petroleum Company in the immediate vicinity of areas owned by the Burmah Oil Co. and the British Burmah Petroleum Co., and also oil areas of 810 acres in Trinidad. Both properties are very favourably reported on, and the Company after paying for them will have working capital of £137,000, which should be more than sufficient to bring the areas to a profitable producing stage. The issue should go well.

"Gilbertian" Pussyfoot.

The impossible effort to make America "dry" continues to make history of an alternate violent and farcical sort. It has built up a huge excise police in the States, and an astonishing system of international espionage, but alcohol still flows into America to the value of tens of millions a year, while the production of secret stills and breweries probably exceeds the amount imported. Ironically enough, one of the chief sufferers from this state of affairs is "the Trade" in the States. When prohibition was made law, brewers and distillers went in for the manufacture of soft drinks, but they find there is no market for their goods owing to the flood of illicit alcohol available. The Denver United Breweries directors in their report are quite sore about it. I do not wonder.

R. E. Jones' Position.

I get more enquiries from correspondents asking for explanations of the fall in R. E. Jones' Pref. than in respect of almost any other security, and I express the view, which I now reiterate, that the fall has been due in part to forced selling from embarrassed quarters and in part to market fears that the Company at the time of its new policy of expansion may have been caught over-trading by the present wave of depression in South Wales. A little light meanwhile is thrown on the position by the Chairman of the Piccadilly Hotel, owned by the Company. He said at the recent meeting, "This exceptional period has had its serious effect upon the fortunes of the parent Company . . . Shareholders, however, should not be unduly disturbed by the fall in the shares . . . With a return of national prosperity . . . this Company's well-known prosperity should also return." What precise deductions are to be drawn from this regarding the immediate outlook, readers must themselves judge.

Industrial Debentures.

From time to time I have called attention to several good industrial debentures, and Chinese Engineering 6 per cent. Debs., standing at 87, may be added to the list. The Company is prosperous, and the Debs. are amply secured with a yield of about 6¾ per cent., and a chance of redemption at par by annual drawings. After this year, also, they may be redeemed at the directors' discretion at 103. The possibility of this option being exercised is not so remote as might be assumed from a survey of general industrial conditions.

A Child can fix them.

LIGHTEST IN WEIGHT

ENGLEBERT SUBSOLES

"Springy, Light and Waterlight"

LONGEST IN WEAR

For the Cold, Damp Days—

Englebert Subsoles, and the rubber solution with which they are fixed, will make your boots chill-proof and water-proof. SUBSOLE your boots to-day and avoid cold feet this winter.

ENGLEBERT SUBSOLES are so thin as to be quite imperceptible in wear, but so strong that they will outlive the boot.

NO NAILS OR SCREWS are required and no heat is necessary for fixing. Subsoles are fixed with the rubber solution supplied free with every pair—and they stick!

They are stocked and recommended by all the leading Boot and Shoe Dealers and Stores. If you cannot obtain them from your regular dealer, send us his name and address, or we will forward a pair of Subsoles, with free tube of solution, post free for 4s. 6d. (Gent's), or 3s. (Ladies').

Please state size of boot when ordering.

ENGLEBERT TYRES, Ltd.,
45, Clipstone Street, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

And at 79-83, Downing Street, Manchester.

LOW SPIRITS!

Depression, groundless fears, gloomy thoughts, blushing, timidity, shyness in company, loss of interest in the opposite sex—these are all symptoms of Nervous Exhaustion.

ARE YOU a nerve force weakling? If you have exhausted your vital forces through overwork, late hours, loss of sleep, or any cause whatever, "ALEXINE" will speedily restore abundant virility and brightness of spirits.

"ALEXINE"—Assimilable Phosphorus—FEEDS and re-builds wasted nerve cells. It is unsurpassed for the treatment of Insomnia, Neurasthenia, Tired Nerves, Impotency, etc., etc. The very first dose induces a feeling of cheerfulness and well-being, and there are positively no ill after-effects. The benefits derived are lasting, for "ALEXINE" is a genuine NERVE FOOD, and not a mere drug or stimulant. Moreover, it does not upset digestion, nor does it constipate. For these reasons it is consistently prescribed by leading medical men for all nervous disorders.

ALEXINE

THE NATIONAL FRENCH REMEDY

Of all Chemists and Stores, 5s. and 10s. a bottle, or post free, 5s. 6d. and 10s. 9d. direct from the Sole British Agents:—

HEPPELL'S, Chemists,
164, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Corn-Cutting Peril.

Two Deaths from Gangrene of the Toe.

Could have been avoided by Blue-jay

Inquests have been held in London on two persons who died from Gangrene set up by corn cutting.
(*Vide Daily Papers.*)

These lives could have been saved by Blue-jay, the Scientific Corn Cure.

Why take risks?

No corn can resist Blue-jay. It takes out the corn, root and all—without pain or discomfort. A second treatment is rarely necessary

Blue-jay is simplicity itself—it takes but a minute to apply—but oh! the joy of instant relief.

The only safe way to completely remove Hard Corns, Soft Corns, Bunions, Warts.

Blue-jay is sold by all chemists and stores in two forms, plasters or liquid. Use the form you like best. 2/- per package, post-free.

Blue-jay for corns.

FREE COUPON

Send 3d. in stamps for Illustrated Booklet, "All About Corns," and sample plaster, from Blue-Jay Headquarters, (Dept. U.) 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

GRAVES

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

Service, supplied direct from the factory to the home. Each of the 50 pieces comprising the service is of warranted quality, handsome appearance, perfect finish and undeniable excellence.

We Deliver the (all 50-piece Service (without case), carriage paid to approved orders for 6/6 with order, balance in 9 monthly payments of 6/6 if entirely satisfied. Money refunded in full if disappointed.

6/6 With Order

The Service contains:—
6 Table Knives
6 Table Forks
6 Dessert Knives
6 Dessert Forks
6 Dessert Spoons
6 Tea Spoons
6 Egg Spoons
2 Table Spoons
1 Salt Spoon
1 Mustard Spn.
1 Sugar Spoon (or Sugar Tngs
1 Butter Knife
1 Pickle Fork

Cutlery Catalogue Post Free. Finest Sheffield Cutlery (including Stainless) also Razors, Scissors, Plate, etc. In your own interest send to-day
J. G. Graves Ltd, Sheffield.

Finest Value in the World

Dare I Marry?

THOSE who have at *any* time suffered from Venereal Diseases should consult a doctor before marriage. This can be done at the nearest hospital Clinic. If you do not know the address apply to the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects), 1s. 3d. post free.

THE LIST OF APPLICATIONS for purchase CLOSED on or before 3rd November, 1921.
Application will be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for permission to deal in the shares now offered for sale.

OFFER FOR SALE BY

THE ASSOCIATED BRITISH COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY, LIMITED,

GRESHAM HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.,

of 3,000,000 Shares of 2s. each at the price of 2s. per share, of the

ANGLO-BURMA OIL COMPANY, LIMITED.

Payable as follows—6d per Share on Application.
6d " " Acceptance.
1s 0d " " One Month after Acceptance.
2s 0d

LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER AND PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, 4, Bartholomew Lane, E.C.2, Head Office—41, Lothbury, E.C.2, and Branches, are prepared to receive applications for purchase of the above Shares on behalf of and as Bankers for **THE ASSOCIATED BRITISH COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY, LIMITED, who have subscribed for the shares at par.**

The Subscribers have already paid to the Company the sum of £100,000 in respect of the shares. The Directors of the Anglo-Burma Oil Co., Ltd., and their friends are purchasing and have paid for 600,000 of the shares and the Subscribers have procured underwriting for 2,400,000 shares.

ANGLO-BURMA OIL COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

CAPITAL AUTHORISED £500,000, divided into 5,000,000 Shares of 2s. each.

CAPITAL Issued for Cash	£20,007 in	200,070 Shares of 2s. each
To the Vendors of the Company's properties credited as fully paid	£100,000 in	1,000,000 Shares of 2s. each
Present offer	£300,000 in	3,000,000 Shares of 2s. each
Unissued	£79,993 in	799,930 Shares of 2s. each

DIRECTORS.

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF CARRICK, D.L., J.P., 9, Little Stanhope Street, Mayfair, Chairman (Chairman, Emba Caspian Oil Company, Ltd., Director, Russian General Oil Corporation, Ltd., etc., etc.).
CHARLES CHANTREY INCHBALD, Esq., 64, Old Broad Street, E.C.2, Deputy-Chairman (Directeur, Banque Russo-Asiatique).
JOSHUA BOWER, Esq., "The Croft," Cricklade, Somerford Keynes, Wiltshire.
SIR WILLIAM H. CRUNDALL, J.P. (William Crundall and Co., Timber Merchants), 16, St. Helens Place, E.C.2.
ARTHUR B. DUIGENAN, Esq., Woodlands, Burchetts Green, Berks (Managing Director, A. B. Duigenan, Ltd., Grosvenor House, Calcutta; Chairman, Peacock Shipway and Engineering Works, Ltd., 28, Garden Reach, Calcutta).
REAR-ADMIRAL PHILIP W. DUMAS, C.B., C.V.O., Cranfield House, Harefield, Middlesex (Secretary, Royal Commission on Oil Fuel, 1912-13; Director, Benzol and By-Products, Ltd.).
CHARLES E. F. DUMAS, Esq., M.C., 11, Hyde Park Terrace, W.2.
SIR HENRY C. LOWTHER, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., Stockton Lodge, Fleet, Hants (Director, Rio de Janeiro City Improvements Company, Ltd.).
COL. SIR ROBERT DRUMMOND MONCREIFFE, Bart, C.M.G., V.D., T.D., A.D.C., Moncreiffe House, Bridge of Earn, Perthshire, N.B., (Director, Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society).
HUBERT G. PALMER, Esq. (Dent, Palmer and Co.), Gresham House, Old Broad Street, E.C.2.
LT.-COL. CHARLES M. C. RUDKIN, D.S.O., 15, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
FRANK A. M. VINCENT, Esq., C.I.E., M.V.O., 9, Glyn Mansions, Kensington, W.14 (Indian Imperial Police Service, Retired).

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

H. EVERS, F.C.I.S., 6, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.2.

BANKERS.

LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER AND PARR'S BANK, LTD. 4, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.2.

SOLICITORS TO THE OFFER.

GILBERT SAMUEL AND CO., 5 and 6, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.2.

SOLICITORS TO THE COMPANY.

BIRCHAM AND CO., 46, Parliament Street, S.W.1, and Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2.

BROKERS.

GOVETT, SONS & CO., 6, Throgmorton Street, and Stock Exchange, London.
SHAW AND CO., 13, Copthall Avenue, and Stock Exchange, London.
STEWART AND FITZ-HERBERT, 34, Anglesea Street, and Stock Exchange, Dublin.

AUDITORS.

DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS AND CO., Chartered Accountants, 5, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C.2.

CONSULTING GEOLOGISTS.

E. H. CUNNINGHAME CRAIG, Esq., B.A., F.R.S.E., F.G.S., M.I.P.T., 8, Princes Street, Westminster (except for India and Burma).
A. BEEBY THOMPSON AND PARTNERS, 19, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C. (for India and Burma only).

The following information regarding the Company is given in a letter addressed to the Associated British Commerce and Industry, Limited, by the Chairman of the Anglo-Burma Oil Company, Limited:—

The Burma Oil Property.—The property now acquired consists of the whole of the issued and fully-paid share capital of 900,000 rupees of the New Indian Petroleum Company, Limited, incorporated in Bombay under the Indian Companies Act, 1913, as a private Company. The Company thus controls (subject to a 3 years' mortgage of £35,000 and a royalty of annas 8 per 40 gallons of oil produced payable to the Government of India), the oil rights on Block 57 N at Singu under a lease which expires in December, 1943, but is then renewable, granted to the New Indian Petroleum Company, Limited, by the Secretary of State for India in Council.

The Trinidad Oil Property.—This property comprises two estates consisting of 110 acres of freehold surface and mineral rights of the Allum Estate, in the Ward of Savana Grande South, in the County of Victoria, and 700 acres of mineral rights close by, in the same ward.

"The geological conditions and the results of these recent wells make the striking of oil in this estate a practical certainty."

Copies of the Offer for Sale can be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, and the Issuing House.

APPLICATION FORM. No.....

ANGLO-BURMA OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

SHARE CAPITAL - £500,000
Divided into 5,000,000 Shares of 2s. each.

Offer for Sale of 3,000,000 Shares of 2s. each at the price of 2s. per Share

To THE ASSOCIATED BRITISH COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY, LIMITED, Gresham House, London, E.C.2.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 6d. per Share on application for ..... of the above Shares of 2s. each in the Anglo-Burma Oil Company, Limited, I/we hereby offer to purchase from you and request that you will procure an allotment to me/us of that number of Shares, and I/we hereby agree to accept the same or any less number in respect of which my/our offer may be accepted by you upon the terms and conditions of the Offer for Sale, dated 27th October, 1921, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Anglo-Burma Oil Company, Limited, and I/we agree to make payment therefor on the terms and by the instalments specified in the said Offer, and I/we authorise you to have my/our name(s) placed on the Register of Members of the Anglo-Burma Oil Company, Limited, in respect of such Shares.

Name (in full) .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

Address (in full) .....

.....

Occupation or profession .....

Signature .....

PLEASE WRITE VERY DISTINCTLY.

October, 1921.

This form must be filled up and sent to LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER AND PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, 4, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.2 (Head Office, 41, Lothbury), or any of its Branches, with cheque for the amount payable on application made payable to Bearer and crossed "Not Negotiable." If altered from "Order" to "Bearer," the alteration should be signed by the Drawer.

An acknowledgment will be sent by post in due course, either by acceptance letter or return of the deposit.

FURS

AT WHOLESALE PRICES

The finest selection of beautiful ready-made FURS in London to choose from.

Every article GUARANTEED however low the price paid.

Inspection cordially invited or write for New Illustrated Catalogue.

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO., 145, Cheapside, E.C.

(Showrooms on First Floor)

RUSSIAN ROUBLES.
Denikin issue.
10,000 for 4/-, 50,000 for 16/-.
100,000 for 30/-.
One Million for £10.
C. G. CANDILIS & SONS,
9, Oxford Street, Manchester
Shipping Merchants to S. Russia—Not Dealers

12 AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY

Whole or part time Agents (either sex), for the sale of Genuine All-Wool Blankets, Sheets, Etc., direct from the Mill. Your profit 10/6 on every £1 outlay, yet you can undersell the biggest retail stores. Suit canvassers, collectors, agents, shopkeepers, publicans, etc. Write to-day for details, the Secretary, RAMSDEN VALLEY MILL CO., Ravald Street, Oldham Road, Manchester

Are *your* feet "tyred" too?

Light—Durable—Resilient

SUSSEX
RUBBER SOLES & HEELS
Sold at all Shoe Shops.
Manufacturers: SUSSEX RUBBER CO., London, E. (Makers of the Famous "Waterloo" Heels and Tips.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to and chats with some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

"FAITHFUL READER" (London, W.C.).—"I consider your paper a veritable Tribune of Justice." So it is, and hang false modesty.

J. F. (Wolverhampton).—We much appreciate your frequent contributions to our "Greatest of These" Fund, and are hoping shortly to arrange for the registration of regular subscribers.

"POET" (No address).—"Do noble deeds, Horatio, not dream them all day long." As it happens, that is the very motto mother sewed into our shirt.

"OLD CONTEMPTIBLE" (Brighton).—"You always have been a pal to Jack and Tommy." To the many letters of this kind we are just now receiving a heartfelt "Thank you" is the best reply.

"TAIL UP" (Croydon).—"If Mr. Bottomley becomes Prime Minister, shall we continue to have JOHN BULL?" Now, do we look the sort of man who could break a nation's heart?

"CONSTANT READER" (Kristiania).—The lock of your hair arrived in excellent condition, and has taken its place among our most cherished possessions. None but we two need ever know.

"PATIENT" (Repington).—Afraid your botanical dissertation is a little beyond us. If your knowledge is as extensive as you say, you ought to be given a job for life at the Board of Agriculture.

"READER" (Warrington).—"Many more children would be born if it were not for the intellect." That may be so, but it would not be wise to mention it to the father of a long family.

"OLD PROPHET" (Edinburgh).—We have not noticed the "waggish grin" you speak of on the surface of the sun. Afraid you have been getting into loose habits.

E. R. (London, S.E.).—It is not very kind of you to say that you are expecting us "to become a good and useful man." Quite a lot of nice people are more than satisfied with us as it is.

C. J. S. (Rye).—Much interested in your dialogue on unemployment, but you should not have said that it "did not need brains." On the contrary, we regard it as a fine example of high-speed cerebral production.

A. G. (Edinburgh).—"You are a lover of freedom." That is as true as if you had felt our bumps.

"INDIGNANT" (Amersham).—We do not care to express an opinion on the delicate question of whether the post of rent collector to the Rural District Council "should have been given to a single woman." Possibly it was on account of her blooming cheek.

J. B. (Stoke-on-Trent).—Your satisfaction at having gained one of our prizes is very natural. It is a lucky thing to possess a well-stuffed head.

"DUBLINO."—Thanks for "anagram" on the Irish situation. Nothing like a quiet hobby to keep a man out of mischief.

"FRIEND OF THE BLIND."—You seem to be of a somewhat suspicious turn of mind. You may take it from us, however, that in attacking St. Dunstan's you are barking up the wrong tree.

S. D. (Bemester).—If you know of any cases in which Army pensions are abused you should inform the Pensions authorities. But be careful of your facts or you will find yourself in the soup.

"SCROUNGER" (London, S.W.).—Aren't you a bit mixed in suggesting that "Havelock Wilson" fought in the Indian Mutiny? You will be telling us next it was George Robey who never told a lie.

CAPT. A. P. (Strand, W.C.).—We note that you have cast an evil spell upon us. That may account for the fact that twice yesterday we bit our tongue.

"WATCHMAN."—Very nice of you to copy out your favourite hymns for us. If you would only pay a little more attention to punctuation our satisfaction would be complete.

G. T. L. (Droitwich).—So glad you appreciate our "Weekly Cinema." If you specially like any particular picture you are at liberty to have it cut out and framed.

"SEER" (East Crosscauseway).—We note that you are "not asleep by no means," but if we may say so, with great respect, your waking dreams beat anything we have ever been able to manage between the sheets.

W. G. (Coatbridge).—If you have been caught by the watch and chain ramp you cannot be a regular reader of JOHN BULL. Sorry if this seems to reflect upon your intelligence.

"ARDENT ADMIRER" (Natal).—"I am surprised that you put Charlie Chaplin in the Barber's Chair." But we gave him a nasty slap in the eye the week after.

"A LONDON RATEPAYER."—"I wish you had more say in Parliament." You will agree, nevertheless, that what there is is the goods.

A. M. H. T. (Heavitree).—"I cannot afford to have more children." Then we will excuse you and say no more about it.

H. K. (New Malden).—"I pride myself I have a good reputation." That's very nice, but you should be careful these dark evenings.

"CHEERIO."—Glad to hear that you are "carrying on," but you need not have written thirty pages to prove it. Next time we will take your word for it on a postcard.

B. B. (London, W.C.).—"I am a little woman who has had a big experience." Just the sort we like to have a cup of tea with.

W. T. (Glasgow).—So you think *Sunday Illustrated* is "the *coup* of our career." You have a natty turn of speech.

C. L. H. (Temple, E.C.).—We are not inclined to sniff at George Washington because he was "a former rebel." It's that cherry tree yarn that always gets our goat.

"PSEUDO."—"I have been officially inspected, suspected, examined, re-examined, informed, requisitioned and commanded." After that you want a week-end at Brighton.

E. J. P. (Bermondsey, S.E.).—"Please drop this letter into the nearest receptacle." Certainly, but not without thanking the writer, as a polite Editor should.

"HOUSEWIFE."—So you think ladies in your position "ought to strike against the butchers." But be careful first to lay in a good stock of bloater paste.

J. B. K. (Glasgow).—"You have made the Coalition sit up." That is true, and as a result our last hope of a peerage has vanished into thin air.

H. T. (Peckham, S.E.).—We note that you have patented a new mud-guard. It might be handy just now if it would fit us.

W. C. (Penshurst).—Sorry the recent Census was not carried out to your satisfaction. If your own little lot were not correctly counted it might be as well to advertise the total in the local newspaper.

"LADY READER" (Bradford).—You have misunderstood us. For the feelings of women who have lost their husbands—as distinct from those who have merely mislaid them—we have the greatest respect.

T. R. (Scotland).—In the main we agree with your criticisms of the National Health Insurance Act. Far better save up and go to a good vet.

"READER" (Wantage).—We sympathise with your aversion from horse-flesh as an article of diet. Personally we would rather eat winkles in their shells.

T. D. M. (Aberdeen).—We note that after reading our "Letter Bag" you were "in pain with mirth." The safer way is to wash it down with a pint of bitter.

"PROTESTANT IRISHMAN" (Dublin).—As far as we know, His Majesty does not contemplate another visit to Ireland just yet. So the "statesmen" must do their worst.

"READER" (Tunbridge Wells).—If you really approve of the absurd Lottery Acts, we can only pity you, and leave it at that.

"MAN" (Kirkdale).—We can quite believe that your friend who got into trouble with the police "felt his position." Like the boy who sat on a spike.

L. F. (Wakefield).—"Is it not a pity that women are kept on with so many men unemployed?" That is a vexed question, as the proud father said when asked if he would like the baby named after his mother-in-law.

"LOVER OF ANIMALS."—"Some people want to go back to school for a few months to learn how to treat dumb animals." And then probably the only thing they would be taught would be to swat flies.

G. T. (London, E.)—Afraid that's a chestnut about the old lady who saw the Australians were "all out" and thought there was a strike on. In this office the newest joke in town is stale in three quarters of an hour.

F. A. (Huddersfield).—Personally we have no objection to your parodying the 23rd Psalm, but to be strictly in order you should obtain written permission from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

R. T. (Sierra-Leone).—"Your attacks on niggers are rankly unjustifiable." But it is only when the niggers behave unjustifiably that we ever attack them.

"SLASHING LIEUTENANT."—We do not know of any arrangement under which men of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment are entitled to a special monetary grant. Afraid you dreamt it.

A. L. (Birmingham).—Trust you have now escaped from your "tumult of thought." But if you really wish to avoid such mental disturbances there is nothing for it but a course of steady living.

W. G. W. (Birmingham).—"Have you noticed the sudden change in Lloyd George?" We have, and shed salt tears over it in the privacy of our chamber.

"WELL WISHER" (Oban).—"Best of luck to you in your present difficulties." Now is *that* Contempt of Court?

"SWINGER" (London, S.W.).—"History discloses that the Napoleonic Wars were responsible for an aftermath of hardship." You remind us for all the world of a Cabinet Minister talking to a starving crowd of unemployed.

"ADMIRER"—You certainly cannot accuse us of shaking the "bloody hands of the Germans," whether the adjective be intended objurgatively or merely by way of description.

M. D. C.—"I withhold my name and address for obvious reasons." That is a pity, for if you hadn't we should have sent you a letter you would have been proud to frame.

A. J. K. (Widnes).—"I see you are trying to excuse the extravagance of the Prince of Wales." That shows you read our article with one eye shut.

S. A. S. (Southampton).—We have not noticed that the London newspapers "seem to despise the South of England." But you cannot expect a full page photograph of your own street.

"POLLY" (Hertfordshire).—"I nearly fall off the chair when you tell some of the fatheads off." Afraid you are a wicked minx.

M. B. (Newcastle).—Your joke much appreciated, the only unfortunate part being that as soon as the office boy heard it he ran home to tell his mother.

A. B. (Selkirk).—Sorry we cannot arrange for you to see our articles "in mental formation." Most of them are written under the stress of deep emotion which it would be dangerous to expose to the public gaze.

MRS. L. P. (Frodsham).—"I feel so thankful we have such a man as you in England." Yet some folks doubt the wisdom of Providence.

"VICTOR."—All we can make out from your rambling letter is that you have been "watching a young man." If he was slow in coming up to the scratch, not a bad plan would have been accidentally to step on his foot.

C. W. W. (Peterborough).—So you, too, have been caught by the watch and chain ramp. Afraid there would be a horrible slaughter if there was a second Massacre of the Innocents.

MISS G. (Birmingham).—Sorry we do not understand your very cryptic reference to the Vatican. Trust you are not under the impression that it is a pub.

A. C. (Eastbourne).—We do not gather what you consider to be "the leading crime of the country." A descriptive account, with diagrams, might be helpful.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

For economy's sake use a "JOHN BULL" Pen. Coupon on page 14.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

18/- per Line (Minimum 3 lines.)

BEST AND CHEAPEST wholesale warehouse for Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples.—Send for Catalogue, Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your Advertisement inserted in 29 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

5/- PER YD. Fleecy Overcoatings, Serges, 5/-. All-wool Blue Rep, 10/6. Tweeds from 4/6. Any length. Patts. free.—Worsted Mfg. Co., Dept. 19, 91, Rashcraig, Huddersfield.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 20/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lovelace (Dept. J. B.), 142, Houndsditch, London.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free —Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

AN OVERCOAT TURNED SUCCESSFULLY. —Book and prices.—Write Invisible Repair Co., Dept. J.B., St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

GOOD SPARE TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, Cash or Credit. No outlay, liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission.—"Freeman's," Contractors, H.M. Government, Lavender Hill, London.

GRAMOPHONES.—Greatest bargains ever offered. Latest hornless cabinet models, solid oak throughout. Full price, 20/-. Sent on appro. Money back if not satisfied. Art catalogue free from actual makers.—Excello Gramophone Co., Dept. J.B., 62-64, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

"CATALOGUE, PLEASE." — This little message will bring you the greatest Money-saving Guide ever published. Cycles, Tyres, and Thousands of Accessories.—H. Fitzpatrick (Dept. 58), Burnley.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including vulcanisers, motor drivers, fitters, etc. Ages 18 to 38 ex-Service men and 18 to 38 civilians. Men over 30 must be skilled. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/- per day, according to trade. Marriage Allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over, with allowance for children.—For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, Crown Ridge, James Watt St., Birmingham; or 296, Bath Street, Glasgow; or 11, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; or 15, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

THE "PICTUREGOER" PORTFOLIO of 12 Beautiful Photogravure Portraits of Kinema Stars is a pre-war bargain.—Price 1/2, post free, from Pictures, Ltd. (Dept. B.), 69, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LADIES, save money, make your own gloves, hats, Dorothy bags, table centres. I sell nice leather in all colours at 2/3 sq. ft. Send 2d. additional envelope, full set patt.—Catt, Leather Merchant, Northampton.

AUTOMATIC Rug-Machine. Makes Wool or cloth rug in an hour. Forms profitable hobby, spare hours. Price 2/9 (postage 3d.).—Send now. 2/- P.O. to E. J. R. and Co. (Dept. J.B.), 282, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

PEACH'S CURTAINS.—Further reductions! Send for Catalogue. Autumn Furnishings, Curtains, Casements, Quilts, Linens, Cretonnes, Hosiery, Lace.—S. Peach & Sons, 141, The Lowes, Nottingham.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand. Secure speed of 150 words per minute. First lesson free.—Dutton's College (J.), Skegness.

SOCIAL SUCCESS ASSURED.—The Memphis Magical Course divulges closely-guarded secrets and provides, at a popular fee, the means of becoming a talented Magical Entertainer. No skill required. Success guaranteed.—Write for FREE Brochure to Memphis Magical Academy (Dept. A), 111, Elgin Ave., W.9.

AMUSING SURPRISES.—Selections from 2/6. Also comic wigs, tricks, puzzles. Lists 2d.—F. Davis, 289, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

NEXT TIME you're "fed-up" with endless stitches, *remember this*—a 2d. stamp to us will fetch you a free sample of "Mend-a-Tear," which will abolish *stitches for mending*. Remember!—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

TO PICTURE FRAMERS.—Special clearance lines in mouldings. Send 6d. for actual samples. —Watts, Dept. B, Eccles New Road, Salford.

INCREASE your income; you can earn £8 a week by selling boots on commission; we offer most generous terms, because we wish to introduce our goods to new customers. Write for particulars. Maximum Shoe Co., Ltd., Dept. 98, Maximum Works, Northampton.

PROFESSIONAL CARD TRICKS.—Complete Automatic Set, 3/9. Failure absolutely impossible.—Wabern's (Y), Osborne Road, South Farnborough, Hants.

CERTIFIED BOOK-KEEPERS get big pay. Qualify by postal training, 3/- monthly; success guaranteed, two exams. Prospectus free.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 9), 89, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

ANYONE with taste for lettering can earn £10 weekly; new profession, with unlimited scope; rapid tuition; low fees.—Write, including 2d. stamp, Gordon, Service, 23, Bristol.

"CINEMA PLAYS: HOW TO WRITE AND SELL THEM." Tells you how to make money at this fascinating pursuit. Price 3/9, post free.—"Pictures" Salon, 69, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STARTLING 14 Days' Offer

To introduce the products of our new Northern Factory to JOHN BULL readers we will make a skirt in any of six styles to any measure for **5/-** *Plus Postage*

These skirts will be made from a large variety of tweeds and will be sold under the JOHN BULL guarantee of full money returned if we fail to give satisfaction.

Lady readers will wonder how it can be done. We do it and only for 14 days, to show our productions and secure customers for the Ramont Winter Coat which will shortly be advertised.

Ladies who bought Winter Coats last year can testify to the fashionable cut, quality and value that we gave.

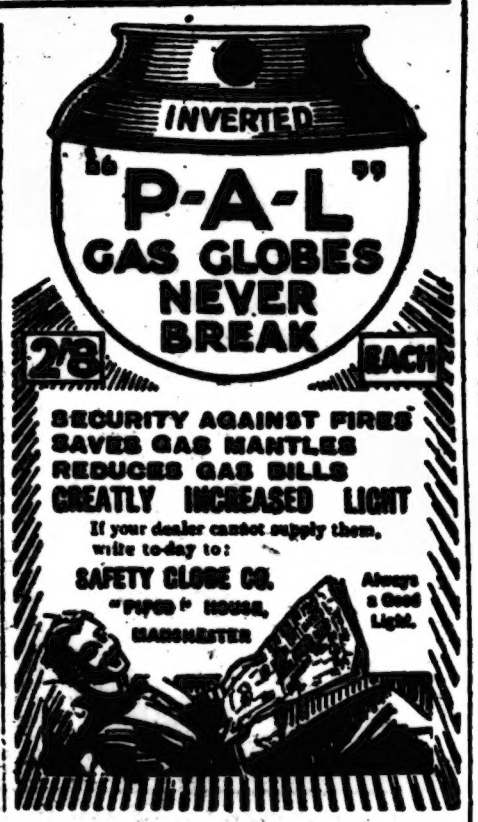
Send no money. In the first case send for free patterns, self-measurement forms, illustration, etc.

We guarantee delivery in 7-10 days.

Send at once to—

Ramont Ltd

Dept. S, 8, Finsbury Pavement House, London, E.C.2.



THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

"We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore," says *The Medical Magazine*—a doctor's paper.

"It has saved my life," writes Mrs. Moar (Scalloway, Scotland).

"I could never have believed that in so short a time I could be made to feel so well," writes Miss H. Lewis (54, Beaulieu Road, N. End, Portsmouth).

"I should have gone off into consumption if it had not been for your marvellous Vitæ-Ore" (Mr. Jas. Smith, 14, Smith St, Heywood, Lancs.).

A month's supply of this famous remedy sent on free trial. Enclose no money. Give your Health a chance.

You see what a leading medical paper says of Vitæ-Ore. You see what some who have used it say—and we can show you thousands of such letters if you like to call. But the best way to satisfy yourself that Vitæ-Ore will do you good is to use it for a month—entirely at our risk—no benefit, no pay. You risk nothing by sending for Vitæ-Ore. We do not ask you to enclose any money.

Why Vitæ-Ore is different.

That is the difference between Vitæ-Ore and patent medicines. We take all the risk—not you. We **know** that it will do you good. We have never asked for a penny from anyone who was not glad to pay for the enormous benefit which Vitæ-Ore can give to the health. It is not a patent medicine. The Government expressly exempted it from stamp duty. "The Lancet," the greatest medical journal in the world, said: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The reason is that Vitæ-Ore is Nature's own remedy—the prepared residue of the greatest healing mineral spring in the world. It cannot possibly do anything but good. The doctors who first tried it were astonished at its virtues.

How Vitæ-Ore Cures.

Vitæ-Ore cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable; your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with; but you are better all over too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better-looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Among the ailments which have definitely disappeared when Vitæ-Ore was taken are:—

Anæmia,
Rheumatism,
Lumbago,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica,
St. Vitus' Dance,
Dyspepsia,
Chronic Indigestion,
Backache in Woman,
Enfeebled Nerves,
Kidney & Bladder Weakness,
Sluggish Liver, and
All run-down conditions due to the Stomach, Kidneys, Nerves and Liver.

But these are only some of the things from which relief can be obtained. Whatever is wrong with you, Vitæ-Ore will help you because **while every other remedy only attacks the symptoms of disease Vitæ-Ore restores the loss of vitality which is the cause of all disease.**

Do not take Drugs.

Drugs will not cure you: they only make you think you are better. Vitæ-Ore is taken as a beverage. You drink it after meals—it is practically **tasteless.** As the "Clinical Journal" (another doctor's paper) wrote, it is "Certainly a remarkable and noteworthy advance in the means which we have at our command for **ensuring** return to health."

Particularly the anæmic and those who require a tonic which never upsets the digestion will find Vitæ-Ore a boon.

What to do.

Do not delay. Take advantage of this offer at once. A month's supply sent without a penny of payment until you have taken the whole; and no charge if you say you are not benefited. It is what **you** say, not what **we** say.

Theo. Noel Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Fill in or copy this for Month's Trial.

To the THEO. NOEL Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—

Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore" with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Turkey Prizes Again!!

SECOND PRIZE **£20**

10 Prizes of £5

10 Prizes of £2-10-

200 Prizes of 5/-

100 TURKEY PRIZES
MUST BE WON THIS WEEK

These specially selected Turkeys will be despatched to reach their respective prizewinners in ample time for the Christmas dinner.

£250
BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE

THIRD PRIZE **£10**

500 Prizes of 2/6

2000 "TARGET" PRIZES

2000 POPULAR NOVELS

NEXT WEEK £1,000 FIRST PRIZE AND MORE TURKEYS!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Example:—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet:—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 429.

PAYING THE BOOKIE	MARRIED LIFE	ONE OF THE BOYS	OUT WITH WIFE
OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST	MAKES OR MARS	WRONG DIRECTION	CALL AGAIN
READY TO DROP	EASY FIRST	SLOW AND FAST	NOT AS PROMISED
POOR SPORT	A BIT LATE	POLITICAL TRICKSTER	MENDING
WHAT WE FANCY	OLD CAT	TRUST A WOMAN	LITTLE LEFT
TRICK OF THE TRADE	UNCERTAIN	STRIKES ME	NOT HEARD NOW
GOOD JOB WHEN	FORWARD MISS	LAZY MAN	COLD FEET
WHO SAID THAT	A TEASER	WORK OF ART	FLAPPER'S FUN

Closing Date, Thursday, November 10th.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(429) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 10th.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(429) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____
Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 429, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 10th.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(429) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, November 10th.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(429) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____
Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 430.

THE PRINCE'S TRIP—SOLVING THE PUZZLE—UP IN THE AIR—ANGEL WITHOUT WINGS—ARTFUL DODGE—EVER OPEN DOOR—BRITAIN MUST NOT—FINGER IN PIE—MAKING NOTHING—A WET NIGHT—FAT AND LEAN—BOGEY MAN—NOW AT WORK—WE ALL DREAD—SHOULDER TO SHOULDER—HE AND SHE—FAIR DECEIVER—DONE EVERY DAY—BIT OF HEAVEN—BIGGEST AND BEST.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, NOV. 24th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **430** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **430**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition 429.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition 427, will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

Result of 427th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. JOHN W. C. HODGES,
Oaks Villa, Tenterden, Kent.

Example:—SHIVERING.
Bullet:—INDUSTRY—CAN'T AFFORD COAL

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. W. CHURCHER,
75, Bentham Road, South Hackney, E.9.

Example:—A MERE SONG.
Bullet:—OF SIXPENCE—TAXATION ONCE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. THOMAS LETHAM,
42, High Sinclair Road, Burnbank, Hamilton.
Example:—RATTLING GOOD TIME.
Bullet:—THOUGHT "GOLDEN GOOSE" IMMORTAL.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mr. O. G. OWEN, 48, Talbot Road, Llantrisant, Glam.: AN OPEN QUESTION—WILL IRELAND "SLAM DOOR"?
Mr. L. J. BRAND, 43, Butlin Road, Luton, Beds.: CHANNEL TUNNEL—HOPE ADDISON ISN'T BUILDER.
Mr. W. HARRISON, 95, Mulgrave St., Liverpool: YOUNG HOPEFUL—IF IT'S GIRL EMIGRATING.
Miss EVA LIMMINGS, Sidcot, Winscombe, Somerset: AN OPEN QUESTION—SCIENTISTS DISLIKE LEAVING ANYTHING.
LIZZIE THOM, 9, Willow Bank, Wick, Caithness, N.B.: MISTAKEN KINDNESS—BRITAIN "SHOWING OTHERS ROUND."
Mr. R. HUGHES, 22, Salem Ter., Llwynypia, Rhondda: MAKES WIFE SUSPICIOUS—WHEN BRUTE FEEDS HIMSELF.
Mr. F. HUXTABLE, Worlington, Instow, Devon: WHEN SLEEPER WAKES—PREMIER "DOPES HIM" AGAIN.
Mr. T. ROYDS, 63, Buckingham Gate, Westminster: IN THE GUTTER—DONT "DRIVE THEM FURTHER."
Mr. ROY EVANS, 72, Park Street, Luton, Beds.: SOCIETY BEAUTY—ENLIVENS HISTORY'S DULL PAGES.
Mr. A. R. WATTS, 1, Dover Road, Burton-on-Trent: HARD TO PART—TRY "SOFT SOAP" THEN.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. E. GLOVER, 24, Culver's Way, Carshalton, Surrey: UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS—GERMANY IGNORES PREVIOUS ONES.
Mr. K. PATTERSON, Midsomer Norton, near Bath: REACHING GOAL—NOT IF "INSIDES STARVED."
Mr. R. HUDSON, 3, Queen Street, Low Moor, Clitheroe: ALWAYS WITH US—AMBITIONS, HENCE SOCIALISM'S FAILURE.
Mr. L. A. BARKER, 17, White Horse Lane, Stepney, E.1: FIRST WIN—LADIES' VOTE—CANVASSER'S INSTRUCTIONS.
Mr. A. S. HINES, 7, Rosslyn Avenue, Barnes, S.W.13: WHEN DAD WAS YOUNG—EUROPEAN GEOGRAPHY EASILY MASTERED.
Mr. W. H. TOMLINSON, 9, Percy St., Armley, Leeds: YOUNG HOPEFUL—IN GERMANY—LEARNS CHEMISTRY.
Mr. J. EADIE, c.o. Bridgeton Workmen's Club, Glasgow: SOCIETY BEAUTY—"FAMILY WORSHIP" DOESN'T SUFFICE.
Mr. H. J. SMITH, 34, Waterloo Road, Smethwick, Staffs: A BIG MAN—SHOULD AVOID "THIN ICE."
Mr. G. HULME-BEAMAN, St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe S.O., Kent: WHEN SLEEPER WAKES—WITH BOMBS "NEXT DECLARATION."
Mr. C. V. WALKER, 25, Argyle Street, Oxford: IN THE GUTTER—COMMUNIST WOULD HAVE BLOOD.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.
Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE

JOHN BULL
GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefit would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

November 5, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, Life myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address .....

November 5, 1921.

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

THE BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE

£1,000 MUST BE WON £1,000

ONLY TEN RESULTS

OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the ten matches given. If ten correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** This is the **BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.**

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **Scottish and Irish readers can compete.** Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

ONLY TEN RESULTS! **ONE-WEEK COMPETITION** **ONLY TEN RESULTS!**

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (one thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeed in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, Nov. 10th,** will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated" and "Sunday Evening Telegram."

Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 12, "JOHN BULL," 22, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 9 appears on page 5.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 10th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Arsenal	v.	Birmingham			
Blackburn R.	v.	Huddersfield T.			
Oldham A.	v.	Sunderland			
Preston N.E.	v.	Burnley			
Bradford	v.	Leeds United			
Clapton Orient	v.	Crystal Palace			
W'hampton W.	v.	West Ham			
Exeter City	v.	Millwall			
Newport C.	v.	Merthyr Town			
Southend U.	v.	Luton Town			

☛ **Coupons must be cut—not torn out.**

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(12) SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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The Sunday Picture-Newspaper

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EDITED by Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

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What did the honeymoon couple say?

Why is Winston Churchill like a motor-car?

When will trade improve?

Why is John Citizen like a lemon?

What is a flapper?

Why is a politician like the weather?

What makes the money go?

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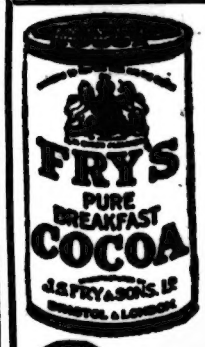

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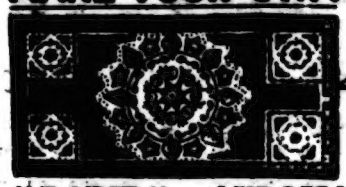

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